

THE MISSING GIRL SEE PAGE 7.

JOHN BULL



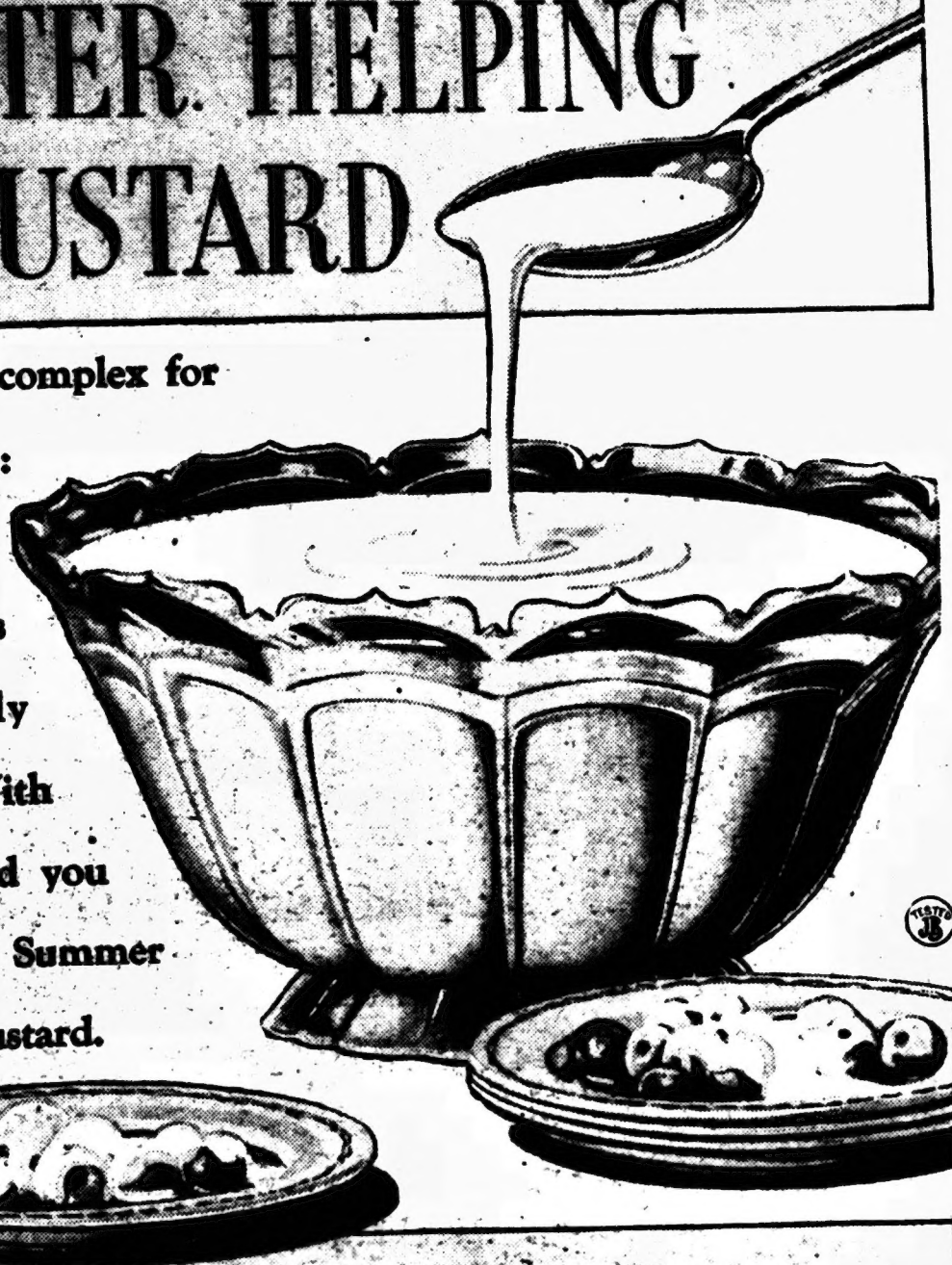
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sure that you will be
pleased to hear that I am
so happy. I am sure that
you will be pleased to hear
that I am so happy. I am
sure that you will be pleased
to hear that I am so happy.
Yours faithfully,
A. B. Smith, B.A.

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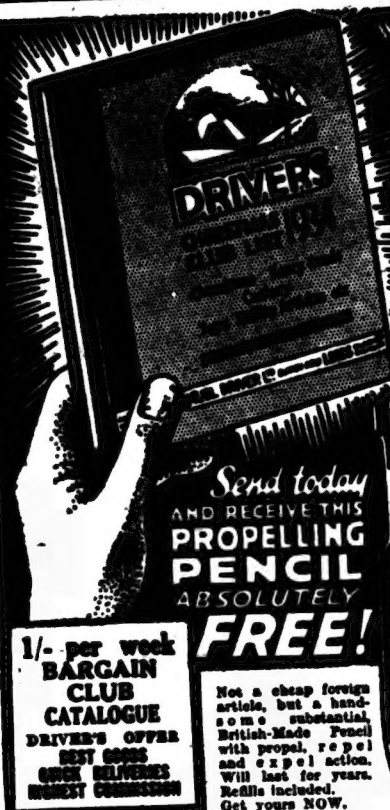
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Great PANEL PATIENT



JOHN BULL

THURSDAY,

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93, LONG ACRE, LONDON W.C.2.

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OF all the national scandals *John Bull* has ventilated, none has stirred the country more deeply than our recent indictment of the "Doctors who Don't Care" and of the shocking treatment meted out to many of the country's 15,000,000 panel patients by these Black Sheep of the Insurance Panel.

Letters have poured into this office from all parts of the country and from people in every walk of life—panel patients and otherwise, from public officials, professional men, tradesmen, chemists, and even doctors themselves. In no case has there been a single word of criticism.

The letters support the charges we made in every particular, and most of them provide abundant further evidence in the shape of personal experiences of reader patients—heart-rending cases of bereavements and suffering caused by the callous apathy and gross neglect of certain doctors who disgrace the most honourable calling that a man may follow.

We are, we confess, a little overwhelmed by the suddenness and completeness of this confirmation of all the facts given in our indictment. And, while thanking the many who have written to *JOHN BULL* so fully, we regret that, owing to lack of space, we are unable to allude more than briefly to a bare selection from the letters which have reached us. All who have written will, however, be replied to direct.

First, a letter from a doctor which begins, "I cannot resist the temptation to show you with inside evidence that your recent strictures on a section of the Panel Medical Service are justified by additional facts to those you brought forward in their support."

IN one recent case he was called in the night to a man who had awakened with a profuse hemorrhage. When he reached the patient's bedroom the hemorrhage had ceased but the man had collapsed, and he was in grave danger.

The doctor immediately did all he could, and while treating the man he learned that he was a panel patient on the list of a doctor living a short distance away.

Before leaving the bedside and after having applied the remedies and given instructions to the patient's family, in case the bleeding recurred, he told them to send for this panel doctor as soon as it was daylight, and before then if the bleeding returned.

Three hours after, he was called again as the hemorrhage had recommenced. At the same time a messenger went for the panel doctor, who "expressed himself in angry terms at being called at that hour and gave a questionable consent to answer the call."

After a long wait this private doctor decided to act without the panel doctor, and had the man removed in an ambulance to hospital, where he is still lying but improving. Not till several hours later did the panel doctor turn up—long after his patient had been rushed to hospital.

"I have other cases as flagrant," this doctor goes on to say. "There is something radically wrong with a medical service, supposed to be national, in which its medical servants can carry out their duties in such a way without suffering expulsion from its service."

From the many letters from panel patients, here is a case from a Lincolnshire family. Their father, a fine strong man, injured his leg at work. After carrying on for a day or two the leg got worse and the panel doctor was sent for. He arrived six hours later, saw the man, re-

Scandal

His life may depend
on how soon—or late
—the panel doctor
comes



Without Fear or Favour

marked that it was "a nasty place," gave instructions for treatment, and left saying he would call again.

This was Saturday afternoon. Sunday went by, and then Monday with no appearance from the doctor. On Monday night the doctor was sent for. He was annoyed and said he was too busy to come. After pressure, he finally agreed to call later that night.

He did so, and merely remarked that the injury was going on all right.

On Tuesday he called and said the patient was going on nicely. All the time the man was growing worse.

Early Wednesday morning the family sent for the doctor urgently. He arrived some hours later, saw the patient, and announced that the only chance was to get him into hospital at once. When the patient arrived the house surgeon said it was too late and the man died the same day.

ANOTHER case is from a Sussex reader whose sister is now dying from advanced tuberculosis. At the hospital they can do nothing because she was admitted too late. Yet her panel doctor, whom she had been visiting constantly, had insisted that "there was nothing to worry about."

One night she was taken seriously ill and the doctor sent her off to hospital, merely stating on the certificate "acute abdominal pains." At the hospital they discovered that she had pneumonia on top of tuberculosis of long standing which had practically destroyed her lungs.

A Kent reader gives the case of his daughter

who lost her life through the gross neglect of her panel doctor. Their charges were upheld by the Insurance Committee, and the doctor received the usual punishment. Unfortunately, as is customary under the present system of secrecy, his name and address were not disclosed.

A truly ghastly case is given by another reader whose brother was certified by the panel doctor to be suffering from "toothache." Four months after this wonderful diagnosis, the doctor certified that he was fit to have teeth extracted.

OVER twenty teeth were extracted at the patient's house under revolting conditions. Doctor and dentist went immediately after the operation, leaving the man unconscious under an anæsthetic.

The day of the operation was a Monday. The doctor never called to see how the patient was getting on. He came only when he was sent for on the following Saturday, when the man's family could wait no longer. He then said there was a touch of pneumonia.

Days later he ordered the man's removal to hospital, where he died. The cause of death, however, was given as tuberculosis—and the man's insurance company refused to pay out death benefits.

From the mass of correspondence we have received one thing stands out. And that is the general lack of knowledge among panel patients of the method and kind of action which they can take against the type of doctor with whom we are dealing.

"John Bull" has decided, therefore, to incorporate a service to panel patients in its Free Advice Service. To all our readers we say: If you or any member of your family has been the victim of neglect by your panel doctor, if you believe yourself to have been exploited by him in any shape or form—write to "John Bull" about it!

Tell us the facts. And we will tell you what to do!

Let the Marriage Mender Start Work Now!

Best Reward for Heroes Fairy Godmother No. 1

HERE'S to the Marriage Menders—when they come! Because we fear it may be a long time before they are appointed, despite the Government's proud show of action.

Everyone recognises the need for preventing so many matrimonial squabbles from being vented in the criminal atmosphere of the police court.

Every magistrate worth his salt knows that thousands of the separation orders granted each year arise from differences between husband and wife that could easily be smoothed out by a tactful and sympathetic adviser.

Taking our advice

For years we have urged that such advisers should be provided to save many a marriage from disaster.

We have urged, besides, that when it is really impossible to deter a man and wife from washing dirty linen in the police court it should be done in less objectionable surroundings.

And at last the Cabinet has realised that our suggestions are worth heeding.

Passing the buck

Unfortunately, the Government hasn't the courage to carry them out without fuss and delay. For the Home Secretary has merely set up a departmental committee to "enquire into the possibility of adding a Marriage Mender to the staff of each police court"—as though the possibility isn't as plain as a pikestaff.

That committee will consider what arrangements should be made to hear matrimonial cases separately from the ordinary criminal work of the courts.

How long?

But it must also concern itself with problems that have nothing to do with this necessary reform—the supervision of persons placed on probation, persons ordered to pay fines, and so on.

We doubt, then, if it will report for some considerable time. Certainly the dilatory methods of similar Government bodies give us no hope for quick results.

We say emphatically that the simple reform which we want can be made without interminable discussion and red-tape.

Ban the dodderers!

Magistrates should be asked to arrange for the hearing of matrimonial cases at special hours on certain days, and so remove the criminal taint.

Moreover, these cases should be heard by picked magistrates—men and women who can be relied upon to view with sympathy and understanding the problems laid before them, entirely free from prejudice towards either sex.

The differences of young couples, in particular, should not be submitted to unsympathetic lay justices who left their youth behind fifty years ago.

Out of court

Still more important, every effort should be made to patch up disputes before the magistrates are asked to decide them.

The Marriage Mender ought to interview husband and wife immediately after a summons for separation or maintenance is granted, and do his best to save them from going to court at all.

Human happiness cannot be measured in terms of money, but the cost of this reform would largely be met by the reduction of work before the courts.

Let the change be made and the number of separation and maintenance orders—there are some 17,000 granted each year—will fall sharply. And let it be made at once!

Herbert does it

The Government should take a lesson from Mr. Herbert Morrison, London's ruler. He doesn't talk about things for months or years, but does them swiftly.

Witness the decision on Waterloo Bridge, and the new embankment on the south side of the Thames and other

enterprises, and now his Council's project to re-plan all London!

We need men like Morrison and his colleagues not only to decide London's problems, but to sway national affairs.

Methods to watch

What we don't need here is anything like the astonishing Nazi propaganda that has been hoodwinking the United States.

It is revealed that the two greatest American publicity directors, George S. Viereck and Ivy Lee, have been drawing huge sums from Germany for propaganda services.

These sensational admissions to an official U.S.A. committee should put British officialdom on its guard.

Crazy fun

The latest trick of the "Bright Young People" is about their meanest. All over the country, isolated farms are being raided by poachers who arrive from the big towns in cars, and these gangs are mainly composed of young people who regard their midnight robbery as a "thrill."

We hope they all get another thrill soon—in the dock.

Menace

Their menace is so serious in Yorkshire—where one farmer alone has lost hundreds of pounds' worth of game and poultry—that volunteer patrols have been formed to aid the police.

But we doubt if the gangs will be rounded up unless more police cars are provided for country districts.

The sands run out

We are sorry that some of Britain's loveliest beaches are being allowed to disappear. At many seaside resorts sand is being removed by contractors in such huge quantities that the beach has entirely changed in appearance.

At Bude, for example, the dunes have almost been levelled and iron sleepers laid on the beach for the sand trucks. At Hariyn Bay, one of the most beautiful spots in Cornwall, the beach has been made flat and uninteresting.

Surely more rigorous restriction should be imposed?



We don't need a Departmental Committee to decide that a marriage-mender is necessary to settle matrimonial problems

Reward we like

We must go to the other side of the country for the pleasantest story.

When an explosion at the Washington chemical works was followed by fire, eighty unemployed men did heroic rescue work and then helped the fire brigade, despite warnings that there was danger of the building collapsing.

The firm is expressing its gratitude by finding work for all the men, and we can't think of a better reward.

Shocking the Censor

And we can't imagine a fitter reward for Lord Cromer than a grandmotherly petticoat and a Harrow straw hat.

As Censor, he has banned a song about Harrow school which was to have been included in a London revue. We don't

know whether it was the reference to "backing hoeses" that shocked him or the description of a Harrow boy as "resolute, dissolute, very cute." What we should really like to know is Lord Cromer's opinion of Miss Mae West's films.

Shame!

Anyway, we're glad the police don't consider the old school tie as sacrosanct.

A Cambridge policeman was hit by a bottle thrown from a window of Pembroke College. Since policemen don't appreciate this form of humour, they went round to the main gates, only to be refused admittance by a Fellow of the College.

That mistaken dignity has cost him a fine of £1 and the college twenty-five guineas. Rightly, we think.

Ready for the fray

We hear that the 1st Cavalry Brigade will go on manoeuvres this year equipped with wireless, the sets being carried in small cars.

That's a magnificent advance, no doubt, but we suggest that to be really up to date the cars should be armoured-plated and big enough to hold both horses and men in the event of an air attack.

Now he knows

Sir John Gilmour, the Home Secretary, is slow. He's just told Parliament that the Government has given up the

costly attempt to bring Jacob Factor back from America to face his trial here for immense share frauds.

We told you that weeks ago. And let us repeat that Factor doesn't matter so much now that his lieutenants have arrived to carry out even greater frauds on the British public. We hope Sir John will keep his eye on them.

Fairy godmother

Let us honour as "Fairy Godmother No. 1" the anonymous woman whose special delight is to help the poor mothers of Manchester.

She founded a home for lonely mothers, and, as applications still pour in from elderly women whose children have married, she intends to embark on further enterprises of the same sort.

That's good for Manchester. But we hope she will soon have rivals in other cities.

Beyond the pale

Mere roguery pales before the behaviour of John Thomas Wilby, chaplain of a Leeds cemetery, whom Mr. Justice Macnaghten sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment.

For he is a hypocrite as well. While taking burial services he was charging the mourning families from £2 to £3 10s. more for a grave than he accounted for.

The judge could not conceal his contempt—nor can we.

Poor fun

Newly-weds in Cornwall are subject to the old joke of having their chimneys stuffed with grass and doors and windows whitewashed as a "welcome home."

We see that eight youths have overdone the "joke" at St. Merryn and caused damage to the roof, which has cost them a few shillings in fines.

Now we know why the rest of the country has decided that the gift of an old boot to newly-weds is cheaper.

All for a penny

We rather sympathise with the Dean of Bristol's complaint that "some people think that if you pay a penny a week you can have a magnificent vicar, nice-looking curate, a choir, warm kneelers, and everything satisfactory."

Yes, a good many churchgoers expect much for little. But a lot more pay dearly by having to listen to a fifth-rate sermon.

Did the Dean think of that?

Unhappy fund

We are not much impressed by the "Happy Childhood Fund," which is seeking to raise money for the purpose, it is said, of sending poor London children to the seaside.

The fund appears to be a voluntary effort run from an address in Little Newport Street, W.C., by a Mr. F. Field, but it has no committee or other form of supervision.

Under these circumstances we cannot advise readers to subscribe to it.

An old bait

We marvel at the audacity of a man called Charles Maynard, of Holland Road, Kensington.

He's working the old game of promising investors 15s. within a few days for every 10s. they send him.

Of course, he doesn't state the nature of the investment.

But if it is as lucrative as he pretends we can't imagine why he is so anxious to impart the get-rich-quick secret to others.

Too bad!

We can't help thinking that Cyril Giles, son of a Berkshire police superintendent, is lucky. He pleaded guilty to four charges of embezzlement and asked for eighteen other cases to be taken into consideration.

For which he is bound over and ordered to report to his father once a month!

Our sympathies go to the father.

THE Missing Girl has never been in the limelight so much as at the present moment.

The Brighton Trunk Crime No. 1, with its unknown victim and the nation-wide hunt for the murderer, which has included the issuing by the police of list after list of young girls who have recently disappeared from their homes, has opened the eyes of the public to the perils that beset those young things who, for a variety of reasons, decide to cut adrift from family and home and vanish very often into the blue.

I think I may claim to know something of this subject. My experience as a self-constituted down-and-out, which took me through every phase and type of destitution and led to the founding of Cecil Houses for homeless women and girls, brought me a wide knowledge of this side of life which, to the uninitiated, is incomprehensible.

Thousands of girls pass in and out the doors of Cecil Houses, and I have come in personal contact with many who, striving for an independent existence, find themselves faced with dangerous circumstances contingent on their daily life.

Sometimes I have been able to lend a helping hand, and young girls have been returned to their homes. But others resent the least approach of personal interest. They are determined to "gang their ain gait," and all one can do is to hope that they may escape the sinister consequences which too often wait on headstrong and inexperienced youth.

In dealing with the problem of missing girls I feel the first question to consider is—why they leave home.

The Missing Girl:

A WARNING

by Mrs. Cecil CHESTERTON

IN the first place, I should put economic pressure. With father on the "dole," young brothers and sisters growing up, and every penny a consideration, a daughter of fourteen and over simply must find work; the family exchequer cannot afford to feed her. But if she cannot get a job in the district, the chance of one farther afield will drive many a female Dick Whittington to seek her fortune.

London, the favourite hunting-ground, is still in the minds of hundreds paved with jobs, and a stream of young adventurers set out by excursion train and motor coach to snap them up. Some even come on foot, with an occasional lift from a lorry, often arriving with only a few pence.

If luck be in, a girl gets taken on as waitress, chambermaid or something similar. But times are hard and situations scarce, and she may find herself homeless and penniless, with only chance acquaintances to fall back on.

It is not easy for Youth to admit failure, and the fear that her people may be written to keeps many a girl from asking assistance. She feels she cannot return to be a burden on Mum, and having nothing cheerful to say she does not write. Gradually weeks pass into months, and months become years; her family loses all trace of her.

MEANWHILE she may have drifted into deep waters.

If she be found wandering at night she will be taken into police custody for fear that worse may befall her, and sent to Holloway on remand, when the authorities get into touch with her people and send her back.

This, however, our Miss Whittington will do her utmost to avoid—knowing the family poverty—and will dodge about the streets, sheltering very often in Trafalgar Square.

This is one of the hunting-grounds of the undesirable, where a girl will often meet a glib, well-spoken male, who by a few deft questions discovers she is on her own and, under promise of help, will first seduce and then put his victim on the streets.

Young and inexperienced, anything may happen to her. Unable to face the consequences



She reads the notice outside the police-station and thanks heaven it is not her girl

though, removed from the parental eye, the flirtatious adventure in vogue to-day may sometimes pass to disaster. But if hard times come along the little coterie splits up, and without a settled home a girl drifts into lodging house life, getting a bed how and when she can, moving farther and farther from first beginnings, until she is completely lost to her relatives.

Then, again, there are always unscrupulous women on the lookout for young girls whom they may exploit.

I have in mind the typical case of a young dancing instructor in a small provincial town who was approached by a visitor with the suggestion that she should take an engagement as dance hostess in a London club where she would be seen by theatrical managers.

Eager and adventurous, the girl threw up her job and came to London, to discover that her duties as hostess included interludes with her partners of an immoral nature.

She was horrified, but a queer, distorted sense of equity made her feel that if she accepted the salary of the club she ought to perform the services required.

Alone in London and without any connections she could not get other work, and the strong opposition of her people to the venture made her feel she could not return to them—defeated. Native strength of character kept her straight for a time, but eventually circumstances were

too much for her, and she joined the world of the submerged from which so few travellers return.

I sometimes feel that mothers to-day take the external carelessness and apparent indifference of daughters to their wishes far too seriously.

Under a frivolous surface girls remain keenly sensitive, and while pretending that they are too modern to feel deeply, the tendrils of their affection in reality are deeply struck.

It is, I suppose, because the habits and customs of the present time are so radically different from those of a generation back, and whereas in every class it used to be considered an impropriety should a girl remain out till midnight with a young man, to-day girls cannot see that any moral consideration is involved if—with tea-shops open all night—they stay after a kinema for a snack, instead of going straight home.

BUT to some mothers a return in the small hours is almost tantamount to a moral breach—as indeed it would have been in their own youth.

This inability to understand the change in viewpoint is too often responsible for estrangement between a girl and her home. Her faults are in reality only those of exuberance and a different code of conduct.

Whereas at one time a daughter could not possibly have accepted an unexpected invitation as there was no means of letting mother know she would be late, the telephone nowadays does the trick.

I think it is this same telephone that has destroyed the custom of family letter writing that used to hold so many scattered households together, while even in the country the telegraph boy is no longer regarded as an inevitable messenger of woe; he may merely bear the news that Mabel will come down for the week-end on the pillion of her best boy's bicycle!

It seems to me that once a girl has taken the initial step of leaving home to strike out on her own, a mother who wants to keep her influence alive must try to understand the motives that actuate her child.

She must be ready to forgive not once but ninety and nine times the hurts that unthinking Youth may give her, and always she must open wide the door for the return of errant feet. It is a trite but such a true saying that a child does not ask to be born, but, having come into the world, is a never-ending responsibility of the mother who bore her.

And, perhaps, if more women realised this there might be fewer lonely mothers—and fewer tragedies of missing girls.

of the life, she may commit suicide, or, becoming a nuisance to her betrayer, meet her death.

There is another side to job hunting. Mothers, with amazing credulity, will dispatch their daughters from long distances to take situations advertised in the Press, without any direct knowledge of the employer. The girl may be overworked, underfed to such an extent that she runs away, and for fear that she may be sent back, change her name and disappear from knowledge.

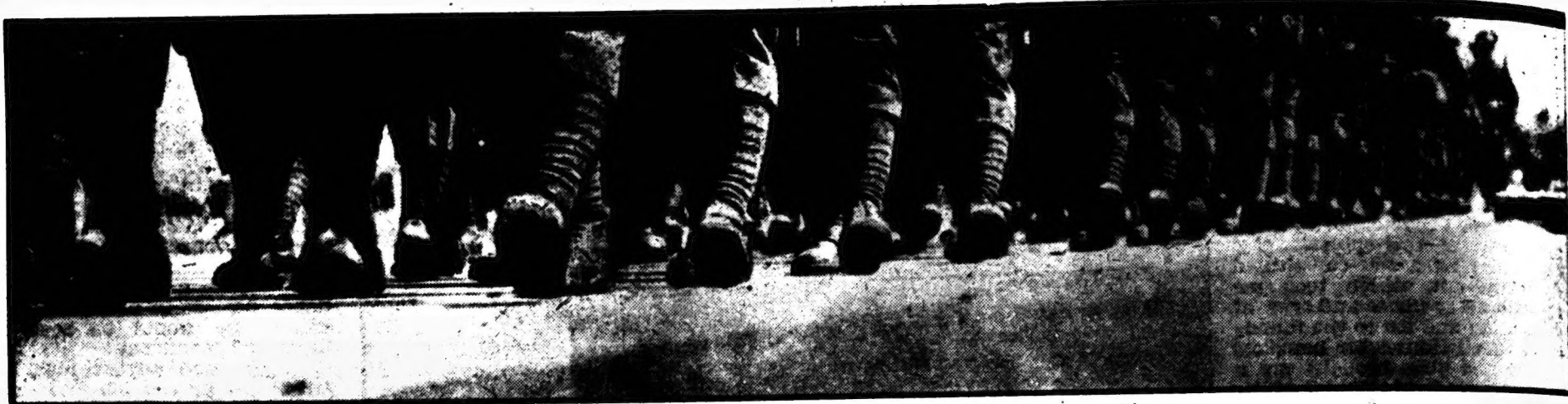
The shedding of family identity often brings a curious psychological change, and under these new conditions a girl may drift into the commission of petty thefts she could never have perpetrated under her own name.

Eventually she may become acquainted with a gang of adventurous law-breakers whose outward generosity excites her admiration and her gratitude, until almost unconsciously she joins up with them. Later on, completely cut off from old associations, should she jib at what she is asked to do, she may be quietly put out of the way.

THE housing shortage has a lot to do with missing girls. Many families are compelled to live and sleep in such close proximity that the possibility of unhappy consequences is always present. In such circumstances a mother must always feel a certain relief when an adolescent girl decides to clear out and share a room and the rent with two or three companions.

While work is regular things go fairly well,

MEN of MONS



Left, right—left, right—they marched confidently to Mons . .

"ABBOT."—"Sergeant!"
 "Adams."—"Sarnt!"
 "Allen."—"Sarnt!"
 "Arnold."—"Sergeant!"
 Eight hundred typically British names like that echoed through the dark corners of Boulogne harbour just before dawn broke on August 8, 1914.

It was the British Army's first roll-call in France.

An hour before a shadow ship had glided in out of the night. The arc lamps had blazed up suddenly as she touched. Tired men, their outlines changed incongruously out of all human semblance by the kits they bore, had shuffled down the gangways.

They were a strange sight to the French eyes that saw and welcomed them. Something like a field of dried grass they looked to people unaccustomed to khaki who saw them standing to their kits on the quay save where a flower conferred by a woman's hand—the last thing she could do for her man—dropped on an ugly ammunition pouch.

And so, tired and jaded, cheated by the spurious sleep on board that had given them oblivion but not rest, the young serving soldier and the middle-aged reservist called up hurriedly to bring the unit up to war-time strength alike answered to their names.

They answered every one—but it was the last time all of them would be able to do so.

For Mons was ahead of them!

INFERNO

In the next few weeks waves of Uhlans were to sweep up and break on their bayonets. Machine-guns were to wither them. Shrapnel above them and high explosives beneath their feet were to provide such an inferno of gunfire that the world had never known before.

The crisp, curt soldierly replies of "Sarnt!" were to get fewer and fewer. "Sarnt," passing on again and again to a new name with the last unacknowledged, was going to find it hard to keep that unemotional military rasp in his voice.

So it was to be not only with this battalion, but with all the 80,000 "old Contemptibles"—the men who kept the lines intact while falling back from Mons to the Aisne, outnumbered by five and even ten to one.

It was not long before one thousand names of one battalion were called out, and eight hundred times "Sarnt" repeated names in vain.

"L" Battery, R.H.A., needed no roll-call. The eye can at once count four men, all that were left of four hundred.

Fifteen thousand men, smooth-faced boys and moustached reservists called

back to help them, answered a higher Roll-Call during that epic retreat.

Twenty years ago. . . . What if a roll-call were held to-day? What of Abbott and Adams, Allen and Arnold and others of that gallant company, if they survive?

Happy in the Royal service at Buckingham Palace you will find some of them. The King has seen to that.

Of the others. . . . Well, do old soldiers fade away? Let us see.

HIS DAYDREAMS

In the yard of a dog-kennel establishment not twenty miles from London is a man on whom both suffering and experience have left their stamp.

He looks 50—is 40. Do a sum. He was one of the fresh-faced ones when he stood on the quay for roll-call twenty years ago.

He dreams, when his never-finishing mental tasks give him a minute for day-dreaming—of that disembarkation, of the horrors of the retreat, of that great triumph of human nature when Briton and German fraternised just for a day on the first Christmas of the war, of his first "Blighty" wound.

But his dream doesn't end there.

It goes on to the day in 1922 when he was crowded out with the rank of captain. A journey "on spec" to Morocco, because there was nothing doing at home.

An application for a job on the personal bodyguard of the Sultan of Morocco, which he never dared hope would be entertained. Acceptance. And the fast-growing bank balance that was going to enable him to do big things in England, when the time came to return.

Well, the time did come. He had £3,000. He started successful kennels. Dog-racing gave him the chance of another speculation, and he took the risk. Took the risk—and failed.

Now he is little more than an odd-job man and has no regrets. He thanks God for every minute of the day. It is a job.

* * *

Still marching is Tim, in whose mind the march to Mons will be a very vivid memory this week.

He marches to less purpose, now.

He walked from Leeds to Southampton for a job that lasted

only three weeks. He went from Devizes to Nottingham and found not the job he expected, but a rumour. He still talks of the British Empire Exhibition. He got three months' work as a result of marching from Wales to London for that.

He has never had such good luck since.

"Dole" queues and Public Assistance Committees know him well. But the police do not.

He threw his 1914 medal on a war memorial once. But the mood did not last long. He picked it up again.

Typical of hundreds who stemmed the first flood of field-grey legions is Tim, now somewhere on the road hoping it is a job this time, and not another rumour.

TRAGIC RESULT

It is not the lot of every man—Mons hero or otherwise—to have the cheerful carefree temperament of Tim. It may be unfortunate, but it is human nature.

The war played havoc with the nerves of Bill. The adversity of peace-time completed the damage. One day something snapped in his mind, and he turned on his wife in a frenzy.

It might have been murder, if they had not reached them in time.

The charge said: "Inflicting grievous bodily harm on his wife." On his wife, whom Bill loved! The prison doctor mentioned Mons, a tortured mind, nerves

torn to ribbons. The judge said: "—during His Majesty's pleasure."

He is in Broadmoor, now. His wife is waiting. She knows the real Bill.

* * *

A word in defence of Bill, and many others of his comrades of Mons. Dr. Eric Copland, a Ministry of Pensions referee, used them. They damn war as few deliberate condemnations of war have ever done.

"There was no wound to show, no loss of eye or limb," he said. "To the ordinary observer they looked the picture of health. It is in the mind that they have been wounded, and only their families and their intimate associates know. They live on the frontiers of fear. Their days are a torture. And often through the night they endure again the horrors of it all."

"There was fear of mankind, fear of traffic, fear of himself. Usually a wife and family, with some raging creditors in the background."

"A little help to become self-supporting, a little assurance that there is nothing to worry about, his creditors



The "Men of Mons" arrive. August 8, 1914

Twenty Years After



... They little thought the time would come when they would "stand easy" in the "dole" queue

A Day to Remember

pacified—by such means are such war derelicts restored."

A brighter story. Who says there is not a brighter side, although we know the "Old Contemptibles" joined up knowing no trade and so were less well equipped than their war volunteer comrades to face the battle of peace time?

In a leading jazz band the name of which you know, which has made many hundreds of records although it has yet to broadcast, is a drummer whose consummate skill it is a delight to watch.

He lived through Mons. Then they found out that he had lied when, in order to join the Regular Army, he had told them his age was eighteen. He was thirteen, not a day more.

They sent him to one of the Irish battalions now disbanded—as a boy. They pushed him into the band. There, not knowing of the jazz era that was to dawn, he learnt an art that was to earn him £18 a week at the height of the craze.

To-day he is a Mons veteran at thirty-three, and successful.

"Danny" would count himself just as successful. He is the resplendent figure in musical comedy uniform you will find blockading the unwanted with his broad chest outside a road-house on the southern fringe of London.

You wouldn't guess, looking at him to-day, that this is his first regular job since his twenty-one years colour service ended in 1924.

Yet when his boots were as thin as a visiting card they shone like mirrors. He pressed his trousers even when patches were part of the crease. No general could have found fault with Danny's dress even at his poorest.

NOTHING TO FEAR

He has blazed his way into that job, with the help of one of those good associations that work to get jobs for such men as he.

And he says that he wishes old George and Fred, Sid and Nobby and others who were with him at Mons could have his luck.

Then there is Sam. He gave the Germans their first taste of what a British cavalryman could do. That was at Mons.

To-day he has his own little stable of hacks at a seaside town. You will see him on most bright days lifting children into the saddle, telling them

there's nothing to be afraid of, and teaching them that grip with the flat of the thighs that makes the perfect horseman.

So that they can ride to kill, as he once had to do?

Not on your life. That's not like Sam.

Yet although Sam loves the children and finds balm for his poor chlorine-choked lungs in the oxygen that comes wafting in from the sea, he sighs for the life of Bill.

Bill was his closest friend in the Dragoon Guards.

Out on a ranch in New South Wales a lone horseman comes galloping across the plain, a ribbon of dust in his trail, the light of joy in his eyes.

STILL AT IT

He is a boundary rider. And he loves the name as he loves the job.

Sometimes he tells Sam so in a letter home, being an orphan and having nobody else to write to.

For he is Bill.

You wouldn't think he would have a

counterpart in so homely a place as Regent's Park, would you? But he has, in a rough-riding-master of the Dragoons who, as park keeper, watches greener boundaries.

What is more, that park keeper is his friend.

You will hardly believe it, but some of the men who manned the guns at Mons are still firing guns. They have never stopped.

You will find them at Woolwich Arsenal and other places where shells, fuses, breeches, dial-sights and other such things are constantly being "improved"—if it is important to make death-dealing devices even more death-dealing.

THE FIRST SHELL

They are "testers." Firing guns is their living.

In particular would you marvel at the skill of one gunner.

But, after all, he ought to know. As a member of the team of No. 4 gun, "E" Battery, R.H.A., he helped to fire the first British shell of the war.

It is their job—yet we can't help admiring another job more.

That is the work, out in the frozen north of Canada, of an ambulance man who learnt his job with the R.A.M.C.,

and helped to patch up hundreds of men at Mons.

To-day he gallops off to wherever a lumberjack or prospector needs his healing touch. He has gone hundreds of miles by canoe on his missions of mercy. He has even gone by aeroplane, risking his life in a landing among forests to save some lonely worker who has been crushed or maimed. He is a corollary of the Grenfell Mission—one of the few men lucky enough to learn something good from war.

Simple accounts of how those heroes of August, 1914, are faring. Do they help you to understand what a roll-call of the Men of Mons would reveal to-day?

The many blinded the hundreds in mental hospitals the men who, like one Mons hero on the books of the Islington Charity Organisation Society is doomed to die within the next few weeks and whose wife, a victim of cancer, cannot outlive him by long. We have avoided stressing such tragedy as this.

For totally different reasons we have avoided such stories as that of the man who owned a Crown and Anchor board at Mons and who, saving his earnings, has become a leading bookmaker in the North, and a generous, warm-hearted bookmaker with a corner in his heart for his comrades of Mons at that.

How many do they number? We asked an ex-Service men's organisation that. They could only guess.

Not more than 20,000 could have survived the war, probably far less. Not more than 10,000 of them are likely to be alive to-day. The figure is probably nearer 5,000.

TRAGEDY OF IT

If half of them are in jobs it would be surprising.

Luckiest the few who have really good jobs, such as the drummer we have described who rose to the dizzy heights of £18 a week.

Lucky all of them who have a job, the commissionaires, doorkeepers, timekeepers, park attendants, and so on. Even those who serve as domestic servants, as many do, if they count it a job and are happy about it.

For the majority life has dealt more hardly with them.

Wherever you find men tramping the open roads anxious to escape from a civilisation that has let them down into the sanctuary of the countryside, there, sometimes, you will find a Man of Mons.

Wherever a queue waits for unemployment benefit, or admission to a casual ward, there, too, they can be seen.

All day long Men of Mons are marching—to jobs they so rarely find. They don't make revolutions, and they can't make ends meet.

May the years deal more lightly with them—for one and all they deserve it.

The Human Machine

You're Cleverer than That!

THE successful man is essentially the man who lives up to his best. He doesn't need prodding. He doesn't push himself too hard. He knows his powers and he uses them. If he has to draw on his reserves, he does so wisely, and sees to it that those reserves are well under control.

Energy, properly used, is an invaluable asset. Whether it is physical or mental, it is the thing that gives quality to any performance we undertake. We've all got plenty of it. We don't all use it.

Most people don't live up to their best because they don't know what their best is. They don't know because they're too lazy to find out.

If they can slouch through the day without actually falling down on their job they're satisfied. They spend their lives living below par.

"We all have the habit of inferiority to our full self," said one of the greatest psychologists who ever lived. "As a rule men habitually use only a small part of the powers they actually possess."

Everyone knows the feeling of being more or less alive on certain days, but compared with what we ought to be we are only half awake.

Our fires are damped, our draughts are checked. We are making use of only a small part of our possible mental and physical resources.

The human individual lives usually far within his limits.

This is so obviously true that it needs no more argument than is afforded by casual observation. Most people live the lives of dull drudges when it is in their own hands to work with the energy and joy of the inspired artist. Silly, aren't they?

It isn't that they can't. They won't. They won't because they won't try. There's nothing more to it than that.

If you don't believe it, try it for yourself. Set out to-morrow to do just twice as much as you did to-day. You'll be surprised to find that

double the work calls for nothing like double the energy.

You're cleverer than you think you are—and you can prove it just whenever you like!

Hanner Swaffer's Open Letter to the MAYOR of CHICAGO

MY DEAR MAYOR KELLY, — You invited me, and all the rest of world, to go to Chicago to see "A Century of Progress."

I went.

Now I invite you to come and see London and Birmingham, Cardiff and Edinburgh. They do not boast so much. But, in spite of all Chicago's ballyhoo, they have much more of which they can boast.

Do not misunderstand me. I spent three days going round your wonderful World's Fair. It is the greatest show I have ever seen. It is so vast that you have to ride around it.

Vivid with colour, daring in design, it goes high in the air. It covers, on the shore of your beautiful Lake Michigan, a space over three miles long.

The courage of your citizens was amply proved when, in the midst of the greatest depression the United States had ever known, Chicago went on with her plan for a Fair that would stagger the world.

It cost £8,000,000. Yet it saved Chicago.

Your city was bankrupt. It had not paid teachers' salaries for months and months. Policemen's wages were in arrear.

* * *

The towering skyscrapers which lined the shore concealed from the waters a City of Shame. But the Fair saved the city. And you decided to run it for another year.

All that is wonderful.

I remember, though, that, years and years ago, W. T. Stead wrote a book called "If Christ Came to Chicago." Obviously He hasn't been yet.

Crime is a habit. And, so strange are your citizens that, even when Dillinger was shot, they rushed to dip their handkerchiefs in his blood. They filed past his corpse gapingly. They tried to

Come Over and see Us Sometime!

cut off his hair for souvenirs. They wanted to steal his tie.

I met, in Chicago, some splendid people. I saw, at close hand, the result of cleaning up the police force, which, before you became Mayor, was full of graft. I went far behind the scenes.

There was so much that amazed me because of its courage and its enterprise. But the abyss of the shame of Chicago is deeper, blacker, more foul than that in almost any city I have ever visited.

It is staggering to think that only a century ago Chicago was merely marsh-land. How its citizens, staring up, must thrill with pride!

But, Mr. Mayor—do you know?—you would learn, if you lived for a few weeks in an English city, that the whole basis of your government is wrong.

Largely, Chicago went bankrupt because of tax evasion. Yet I saw, as I drove to the aerodrome from which,



flying in a new Douglas' aeroplane at 200 miles an hour, I was going to New York, a large sign asking Chicago to vote for some new official as Assessor of Taxes!

Now, if you vote for an Assessor of Taxes and he has the job for only a year or two, how on earth can he be honest? He owes something to the people who gave him the job.

How can you "elect" city officials who

possess powers of patronage unless all your citizens are honest?

Surely you, and every other American, must realise that the whole of your municipal system is wrong, that it has been left far too long to the grafters and the crooks? Even the evidence of Chicago's progress is evidence of graft.

"If a city does not spend money, how can its friends make any?" a Chicago man said to me.

Now they tell me that you are a "Reform" Mayor, that things have improved much since you took office.

But what can you do in a year or two? Out you go, then, and in goes somebody else—with a new set of friends and a new set of officials, elected by voters to whom they owe something because of a fake ballot box in which everybody wants to dip his hands.

* * *

London is not beautiful. It is badly planned. It sprawls. But, compared with Chicago, it is a paradise.

Your slums are in the shadow of your skyscrapers. Even in State Street, where the palatial dry goods stores are, there are shows so filthy that I, who am not squeamish, was made to blush. Aching poverty and vulgar wealth were side by side. Oh, the luxury. And oh, the filth!

It was Chicago people who told me of the graft. Chicago tongues told me of the corruption. Chicago citizens talked of the profiteering, the rampant commercialism.

But, as it seems to me, they only talk about it. They are helpless in the grip of a political machine. And so, I am afraid, are you.

"Probe" succeeds "probe." Someone accuses someone else. Scandal follows scandal. It makes very exciting reading in the newspapers, but it does no good, because, before one scandal is cleared up, another one comes along.

I wish you, and the other "Reformers," luck. But I would not like your job.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

LORD WILLIAM CECIL,
Bishop of Exeter

MY LORD,—Why do you persist in talking through your hat?

You seriously suggest that the unfortunate inmates of casual wards should be forced into labour corps, dressed in uniforms and drilled by officers, ready for mobilisation in the event of war.

If you could only remember that you are living neither in the Dark Ages, when all labouring men were serfs, nor in modern Germany, you might perhaps be a little more discreet.

And it's high time you gave "war talk" a long rest.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. A. C. HAGUE,
Holy Trinity Church, Hartlepool

DEAR VICAR,—I'm sorry you have got into hot water with the local Sunday School Union for holding a boxing tournament in aid of the church. It isn't conducive to the development of Christian character, they wail.

Well, I think the sparring of healthy young men is a good deal more conducive to that development than the raffles and other dodges which are such overworked features of the eternal church bazaar.

JOHN BULL.

Master GEORGE MASTERSON,
West Stable Street, Salford

DEAR GEORGE,—The poor woman whose baby you saved at great risk to yourself offered you threepence.

But it was all she had. And a brave boy like you, George, won't want telling that she offered you more in reality than the diamonds of Kimberley.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. WILLIAM THOMPSON,
Buckley, North Wales

BASHFUL BILL,—They say that clothes make the man, but don't you believe it. On the third time when you failed to

turn up at the church for your wedding the bride's mother came to your home and demanded an explanation. And when you pleaded that your clothes weren't good enough she promptly marched you off to the altar and saw you married at last.

Yes, it was your mother-in-law and not your tailor who made a man of you.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. EDWARD BAXTER,
Upholland, Lancashire

DEAR SIR,—You indulged in a general disregard of all safety regulations in your little colliery. Fined £20, you announce your intention of confining yourself in future to your usual business—that of a butcher.

I think you're wise. Slipshod mine management might prove a far worse form of butchery.

JOHN BULL.

The HOUSING COMMITTEE,
Hinckley Rural Council, Leicester

MIGHTY ONES,—So you have joined the ranks of stony-hearted landlords, and in future will serve ejectment notices on any unfortunate tenant who becomes two weeks in arrear.

If you had experienced the struggle of trying to make ends meet on a slender income you would surely consider each case on its merits.

JOHN BULL.

The EDUCATION COMMITTEE,
Barmouth

GENTLEMEN,—So that scholars can get employment during busy periods, you have decided to alter the school holidays in Barmouth and Harlech.

Almost everywhere else the law punishes people who employ school-children.

Is there no unemployment in North Wales?

JOHN BULL.

Messrs. FRANCIS BROTHERS,
Slough

GENTLEMEN,—You allowed a lorry driver only 6½ hours for a journey of 600 miles, loading or unloading at seven towns, getting petrol and taking meals and rest—yet the maximum legal speed of his heavy vehicle was only sixteen miles an hour.

Your excuse was that "you didn't work out the times."

I hope the fine of £45 will teach you to do so.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. F. PATON-WILLIAMS,
Manchester

REVEREND SIR,—At a service commemorating a battalion which was wiped out in a single night on the Somme, you referred to the "righteous compensation whereby occasions when men have suffered most become immortal."

Compensation? Nonsense! Whatever the history books might say about "glory," nothing can compensate for the horrors of war.

JOHN BULL.

The COMMITTEE,
Royal Eisteddfod, Neath

GENTLEMEN,—Your decision to engage world-famous but non-Welsh singers for the Royal Welsh National Eisteddfod has brought a good deal of censure on your heads.

But I think you are wise. Your great festival is no longer a parochial affair, but attracts the attention of all music-lovers, and it should therefore draw upon the best talent in the world.

JOHN BULL.

HANNAH STREET MARSH,
Southport

MADAM,—God gave me authority to practise, you declared at the inquest on a man whom you failed to cure by prayer.

As you and other Christian Scientists

charged the unlucky patient £1 a week for your prayers, I wish the coroner had asked you if God fixed the scale of charges.

But I am glad both he and the jury showed their disgust in terms that I can endorse.

JOHN BULL.

JOHN CALLERTON,
Sunderland

CALLERTON,—Though you drew £13 unemployment benefit for your wife and child, you gave them not a farthing.

That is so abominably heartless that I am not surprised to hear you have a criminal record, or that the magistrates have sent you to prison again.

But had I been on the Bench you would have gone back for more than two months.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. C. MARTIN,
Lytham St. Annes, Lancs

YOUR WORSHIP,—Don't you want motorists to visit your seaside resort?

Several brought to court for causing obstruction with their cars pleaded that there were no proper parking places. With this you thoroughly agreed and then fined them!

I wish you could fine the town council instead.

JOHN BULL.

The CITIZENS,
Ripon, Yorkshire

DEAR PEOPLE,—A visitor to your charming town complains that during the whole month he spent there he didn't receive a friendly word from a soul and that even in the hotel smoke-rooms he was rebuffed.

I don't want to—and can't—believe it. But if your advertisements are to succeed in attracting custom you must not let this challenge go unanswered.

JOHN BULL.

East, West— BRITAIN'S Best

IN one of the jolliest of his operas, that delightful wit W. S. Gilbert observes of one of his characters that:—

*"He might have been a Roosian
Or a Frenchman or a Proosian;
But in spite of all temptations
to belong to other nations
He remained an Englishman."*

Whatever "temptations to belong to other nations" existed when Gilbert wrote, they are not visible to-day. On the contrary, hardly a week passes without some startling episode abroad that reminds us again of the luck we had in being born on this side of the English Channel.

The Continent passes from one convulsion to another. Hardly have we recovered our breath from the sombre and terrific happenings of Hitler's "clean up" in Germany than the curtain is lifted on the Austrian stage and we are shocked by another phase of the vast tragedy that is sweeping Europe back to the darkness of the Middle Ages.

Gang politics

The whole of Central Europe is becoming the battle ground of rival gangsters. Hitler puts Roehm and his Nazi rebels "on the spot" one day. The Nazi gang in Austria put Dollfuss "on the spot" on another day.

It is impossible to unravel the confusion into which the drama of the gangsters is collapsing. Hitler, who came to power as the deity of the Nazis, has turned on the Nazis, disbanded them, killed their leaders and now rests his power on the Army.

A year ago, when I was in Austria, it was he who was inspiring from Germany the Nazi conspiracy against Dollfuss. But to-day we do not know whether Hitler wanted Dollfuss put on the spot or whether the Nazis, whom he is deserting, defied him and slew Dollfuss in order to get Hitler in trouble with Mussolini.

Nor can we guess what gangster is destined to seize the power from the stiffened fingers of the pathetic little "pocket Napoleon" who lies dead in Vienna.

It was Austria who set the world in a blaze just twenty years ago, and of all the victims of the war she has most cause to rue it. Mutilated by the Peace Treaty, economically strangled by tariffs and ravaged by rival hordes of adventurers, she is visibly perishing. Perhaps the best hope of her salvation is that Hitlerism will smash the German Reich, and that Bavaria, which racially and religiously is so much akin to Austria and so hostile to Prussia, will join with her to form a middle European confederation of Danubian states.

Our luck

But that is speculating about an incalculable future. My immediate theme is the occasion we have for congratulating ourselves on our luck in being "born British." It is not only the war of the gangsters in Central Europe which illustrates that luck. There is not a country east of the Rhine which does not illustrate it. Gangsterism has been more successful in Italy and Russia than it has in Germany and

Austria, because it has been more ruthless, more cruel and more secret. But for that reason it illustrates my point the more forcibly.

Nor does the condition of things in France encourage us to rate our luck less. France is fighting gallantly and desperately against gangsterism; but the outlook is by no means cheerful. Paris was on the brink of revolution in February, and only the prestige of M. Doumergue saved Parliamentary government then. He saved it again last week when catastrophe seemed imminent.

But the issue is in the balance, and another Stavisky incident would end democracy and put gangsterism in the saddle there as elsewhere.

It is not easy for us who have the good fortune to live under free institutions to

appreciate the full measure of our blessings. Liberty is not truly prized until it is lost. As the poet finely says:

*"That which we have we prize not to the
worth
Whiles we enjoy it. But being lacked
and lost,
Why, then we reck the value, then we
find
The virtue that possession would not
show us
Whiles it was ours."*

It is the foreigners who have the best sense of our good fortune. I met the other day a very eminent German journalist who since the war had seen the vicissitudes of life in many countries.



It happened in Vienna. It could never happen here. Dead and injured being carried out of the radio station during the latest Central European massacre

ences may exist about the merits of Asquith, there can be no doubt, as Mr. Baldwin said, that he was in the great tradition of Pym and Hampden as one of the historic pillars of Parliamentary government.

It is because that form of government is so deeply rooted in the life and thought of the British people that we have been spared such tragedies as those which have overtaken the Continental peoples. With our constitutional monarchy and our free, self-governing institutions, we have weathered the storm and kept the dictators and the gangsters at bay.

And in keeping them at bay, we have not only kept this country the freest in the world, but we have shown that democracy is the most efficient and business-like scheme of government that the ingenuity of man has devised. It is good in fair weather, but it is still better in foul weather.

It not only preserves our liberties, protects our lives and secures us justice: it has proved to be the only system that, in times of peril, makes for prosperity.

Can't upset us!

If ever there was a risk that the dictators and the gangsters would upset our free institutions, I think that risk has now finally vanished. As the horrors and barbarities of dictatorship are revealed, now in Germany, now in Russia, now in Austria, the feeling of the plain man hardens against those, whether Fascists or Communists, who seek to make him the sport of the gangsters of politics.

He is realising, as he never realised before, that Parliamentary government is the only guardian of his life and his liberties, and that it is that government which constitutes his luck in being "born British."

Hurry for the Pigeon Derby!

Little more than a week remains before the entry list of the great £5,000 Pigeon Derby is closed. No registrations can be accepted after Monday, August 13.

The race, to be flown on September 1, is open to all pigeon fanciers in Britain, provided they are members of a recognised union.

All you have to do is to enter your birds in your own club or federation race on September 1, first registering them with the *Daily Herald* before August 13. Register all your young birds immediately to: The Secretary, Pigeon Derby (Dept. J.), 222-5 Strand, London, W.C.2.

Not from the B.B.C.—Professor Belle Northrop, of Columbia University, on—

IT makes me sad to contemplate
The members of my sex,
Their notions are so out-of-date!
Their husbands write large cheques
For dresses which
I simply itch
Upon the rubbish heap to pitch!

A dress may fit a figure and
A face may also suit,
But women will not understand
That gowns are dull and mute
Unless one's whole,
One's only goal
Is dressing to express the soul!

Let me repeat the question I have already asked in public: "How can women be expected to dress properly unless they are taught the psychology of clothes—what dresses say?"

As head of the Fine Arts Department at Columbia University, I have given considerable attention to dressing as a fine art, and I have come to the conclusion that what women (I mean, of course, other women) do not know on this subject would fill volumes.

A woman, for example, should know "whether chiffon will enhance her love lines," but she will have difficulty in deciding this if (like most people who have not studied the finer arts at Columbia University) she doesn't even know what her "love lines" are.

It is because such ignorance is wide-

his impression was of conditions here. His answer is worth recording.

"Ah," he said, "nothing ever happens here. You are the happy people who have no history. You go to bed at night in security and rise in the morning without fear. Your Parliamentary system has stood the shock that has overthrown freedom in Europe. You ought to thank your lucky stars that you were born on British soil. I wish I had had that priceless advantage."

It was that advantage which Mr. Baldwin justly stressed in the eulogy he pronounced the other day in unveiling the tablet to the memory of Lord Oxford in Westminster Abbey. Whatever differ-

spread that I plead for doctors to replace fashion experts. The fashion experts deal in only a limited number of styles, and my unhappy sisters have to do their best to suit themselves to the fashions thus created.

This is as if there were only a dozen or two remedies in the pharmacopoeia and a person with an ingrowing toenail had to choose between a cough mixture and a box of liver pills.

* * *

The trouble is that up till now dress designing has been left to artists, who look upon women as beautiful pictures which require to be framed, instead of thinking of them as painful ailments which require to be cured.

A dress doctor, instead of diagnosing a couple of spare chins as an incurable calamity, would look upon them as an interesting complaint and would write a prescription, to be dispensed by the nearest dressmaker.

Nor would the fashion (as distinct from the fashionable) physician confine himself to physical maladies, like scarlet (nose) fever or face-ache (of the type which calls forth alarming symptoms in

all beholders), for psychological ills would also yield to his treatment.

There have been many cases where a new hat, skilfully prescribed at the right moment, has cured incipient hysteria, and with chronic lassitude a "change of wear" will often work wonders.

The doctor of the future, when He deals with female ills, Will merely earn a passing gibe If he should venture to prescribe A mixture or some pills; He'll take the patient's temperature And with a tonic work his cure.

"A touch of fever," he'll remark, "Some gloves will fix up that! But then her pulse is not too good. And so I really think I should Prescribe a brand-new hat! With these and, say, a gown or two, I fancy we will pull her through!"

No female invalid will then Her doctor's orders shirk; So husbands, fearing to go "broke," Will have to plan a counterstroke And sternly set to work To eat an apple ev'ry day— To keep the doctor well away!

Fashion Physicians

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A SCOUNDREL Battens on the MAIMED

THERE is a man in London who, if he could only go straight, might go far. He is a great organiser, possesses outstanding ability, has a pleasing presence, and has an almost uncanny knack of making a success of everything he touches.

His name is Glanryn—sometimes Gladwyn—Clements, and his present headquarters are to be found in some well-appointed offices at Victoria Street, Westminster, London.

Clements is a born crook. With a face which looks almost childlike in its innocence, he has for years gone from fraud to fraud with a persistence and deliberation that few of his type can equal.

He can talk in tens of thousands of pounds and tell the most astonishing falsehoods without turning a hair.

He can even weep at will, if it suits his purpose to do so—as, indeed, he has done more than once.

His versatility is equalled only by his power in inducing people of distinction to support him in his ill-conceived schemes.

From the mass of documentary evidence before us we observe the names of more than a score of titled men and women who, at some time or another, have unwittingly aided Clements in his attempts to dupe the public.

And what a field he covers!

From the sale of novelties and patent devices for the saving of gas and electricity, we find him behind stupendous charity balls, amusement fairs, fêtes, hotel assemblies, advertising campaigns, and, among many other things, bogus companies.

A fraud

He is the "hidden hand" at the moment behind a movement called the British Disabled Ex-Servicemen's Association, with offices at Victoria Street, London.

The British Disabled Ex-Servicemen's Association appeals to the public for support on the ground that it helps maimed, unemployed and blinded ex-sailors and ex-soldiers to find work, or, if they are too ill to work, to provide them with means of subsistence.

Actually, the "Association" does nothing more in effect than to find Glanryn Clements, and a small army of hirelings who work for him at lucrative rates of pay, with a lucrative livelihood.

Clements, who is the leading light of the British Disabled Ex-Servicemen's Association, is also, at the same address, the managing director of a concern called the Gas Consumers' Association, and, in this guise, he sells through agents, from one end of the country to the other, a worthless contraption which supposedly assists housewives to economise in the use of gas.

Experts have reported that the "economy" gadget is a gross fraud which, far from saving gas, actually increases the consumption!

More than one of Clements' agents, in fact, have been charged with fraud in connection with the sale of this worthless "invention."

One, for example, was not long ago sent to jail, in the name of "Patrick Barrie," for obtaining money by false pretences under the leadership of the indefatigable Clements.

The latter individual, who for reasons best known to himself now prefers to keep well behind the scenes, not only advertises under a box number for assistants, but also gets his staff to answer advertisements in the hope of finding suitable underlings.

A lady recently inserted an announcement in a daily newspaper to the effect

that she would like to supplement her private income by undertaking secretarial employment.

She received a letter from the British Disabled Ex-Servicemen's Association, signed with a name which it was impossible to decipher, asking her to call at the Westminster offices.

There she met the innocent-faced but plausible Glanryn Clements, whose bland and confiding manner completely deceived her.

Scapegoat

Clements decided to appoint her at once to his "Appeals Department," and, offering her a good salary, intimated that she could take in addition 10 per cent. of everything she collected.

After a few days he put to her a most astonishing proposition. He suggested that she should have several telephone lines installed in her name at the offices, and, generally speaking, asked her to shoulder much of the responsibility of running the Association.

In other words, in the event of possible trouble he wanted to make her the scapegoat.

The lady was greatly impressed by the story Clements told her that His Royal Highness the Maharajah of Rajpipla had consented to sponsor some special appeals Clements was preparing.

When she went to interview this Eastern potentate, and discovered from him that he had never heard of Clements or his Association, she decided to have nothing more to do with the proposition.

Her worst doubts were confirmed by the additional discovery that Clements was trying to induce another man in his employ to sign the building lease of his offices as though he were to be the independent lessee!

Clements himself, each night, opens all the collecting boxes, and extracts all the cheques which arrive as the result of his postal campaigns, and decides how the money shall be apportioned!

He does so in the supreme and secure knowledge that as he keeps no accounts there is no check on what is collected.

Nothing more disreputable could be imagined. Since the war ended this man has figured in one bogus "fund" after another, more often than not supported by the names of influential people, and his operations should engage the attention of the authorities.

Searching questions

Only recently he figured in a disgraceful escapade in which he endeavoured to bribe a detective-sergeant from pursuing his enquiries into some of his own malpractices.

Certain people whom Clements had swindled went to Scotland Yard, and, when in the course of his investigations the officer called upon Clements to ask him a few searching questions, he was offered a substantial sum of money if he would put in a favourable report!

For this, at the Old Bailey, Clements was sent to prison—a term which was by no means his first.

Prior to the formation of the British Disabled Ex-Servicemen's Association, about which complaints have already

The Maharajah of Rajpipla, whose name was misused by Clements



a carnival, the central figure at which was a much-decorated ex-officer, who lectured the patrons from a platform on which he appeared on crutches.

Incidentally, the man was a close associate of Clements who had never been in the Army at all, and most decidedly had never been wounded. The decorations he wore were borrowed from another man!

Amongst the aliases this man uses in his varied frauds are those of "Browne Clements," "Clement Vaughan," "Vaughan Clements," "Douglas Barrie," "Clements Brown" and "Gladwyn Clemence."

Bogus ballots, in which he has not stopped at arranging the prizes in order that they would go to accomplices, grand galas, theatrical bazaars, cinema matinees, hospital fêtes and fraudulent companies have all formed part of his astonishing operations.

Long record

In these circumstances it is not perhaps surprising that he numbers amongst his intimate friends some of the most notorious charity exploiters in the country.

In the underworld Clements is known as "The Man with the Monocle"—he is rarely seen without one—and some years ago he received considerable publicity, which he promptly turned to excellent use, after he had stopped a runaway horse which was madly careering along a crowded London street to the public danger.

Any venture with which this man is associated should be left rigidly alone.

He has a very bad record which we are able to trace back to the war years.

While in the Army he deserted and received a sentence for attempted robbery and for demanding money with menaces. He was finally discharged from the Service with ignominy.

His next appearance in the dock was on a charge of feloniously entering certain premises and stealing. No sooner had he emerged from prison than he was in trouble again, this time on charges relating to charity funds to the extent of more than £2,000. It transpired in evidence that much of the cash he received as the outcome of various charity appeals over a period of twelve months was misappropriated by him.

Hastings saw him next, where, as the result of a swindling carnival, he was in trouble with the police again.

Later, as the result of reckless driving, he narrowly escaped arrest on a manslaughter charge, his victim being a woman, who had the misfortune to lose both feet.

Sham D.S.O.

He has, as we have already said, been to jail for fraud since then, and his present ventures—the British Disabled Ex-Servicemen's Association and the Gas Consumers' Association—were recently launched after he had served his latest sentence for fraud and bribery.

Time and again this incorrigible rogue has used the names of reputable concerns without permission, and often poses as "Captain" Gladwyn Clements, D.S.O., M.C.—decorations, of course, to which he has not the slightest right.

We sincerely hope that the authorities will take immediate steps to stop his present activities before they develop, as they are sure to do, into yet another scandal of the audacious type for which Gladwyn Clements is so notorious.

Monocled Rogue's Contemptible Ramp

reached the police, Clements was associated with a venture which had for its purpose the raising of funds for ex-officers.

He acted as "Appeals Secretary," but, owing to his irregular methods, he was dismissed.

Last Christmas, too, he ran what he called a "Holly Fund." He sent ex-Servicemen, whom he provided with special and attractive literature, on a house-to-house campaign selling holly, and housewives were urged to give as much as they possibly could for their purchases in the aid of an alleged charity.

The bulk of the moneys raised in this fashion went into the pockets of Clements and his associates.

Complaints very soon reached Scotland Yard and the Charity Organisation Society about this audacious fraud.

In the course of his amazing career Clements has duped many notable personages.

On occasion victims have included a Lord Mayor, a Marquess, a Princess, and numerous Church dignitaries.

Once he had the impertinence to stage

Three Days Only!

It's a case of now or never to secure JOHN BULL's wonderful New Holiday Presentation—THE BIG BOOK OF SHORT STORIES. Last Reservation Forms to be published appear on page 29. Three days only. There's no time to lose. Act to-day.

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Simply write on a postcard what you think of
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Cider Makers, Hereford. See p. 35.

WEEKLY INFORMATION from
SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

Accident victims are often canvassed by spurious legal aid societies of the kind here exposed

Plundering "FRIEND" of the Poor

CAMP followers of the Law are the people with whom I wish to deal this week.

They are the scurvy, unpleasant individuals who dabble with the troubles and difficulties of others in the hope of making money thereby. While posing as "friends," they are primarily concerned with plunder.

Prominent in the catalogue of these legal parasites are some of the so-called "legal aid" societies.

Of course, there are organisations—for example, the Bentham Committee and the Society of Our Lady of Good Counsel—established to aid poor people in law cases, which do most admirable work.

In addition, many solicitors devote their spare time in assisting without fee persons in straitened circumstances.

But the organisations of which I am writing now are in an entirely different category. They are pseudo-legal business concerns many of which have not a clean sheet.

Fine title

JOHN BULL has condemned them root and branch in the past, for the reason that my office has many records of the harm they do.

Without question many of these legal organisations are just a sham. Their propaganda and their literature suggest benevolence and the anxiety to give a helping hand in time of adversity.

Really they are, in the main, just fee-snatching offices. Several of them mask the activities of unscrupulous solicitors who, through the instrument of the "society," flagrantly canvass clients against the strict ethics of the profession.

These offices batten on poor people. They specialise in divorce; in what are classed as "running down" cases, and in workmen's compensation claims. They operate on speculative damages and costs. An evil growth in every way. Recently my notice has been directed

to the activities of one of these bogus legal societies.

It rejoices in the fine title of "The Legal Aid Association—with which is incorporated the National Legal Aid Society"—and has premises in Gray's Inn Road, London. The association, according to its letter-heading, claims to have been established in 1890.

Because of the information which came to me, I instructed one of my representatives to investigate this association which purports to assist poor people in all their legal problems.

His report to me is illuminating. The headquarters of the association consists of one floor above a shop near the King's Cross end of Gray's Inn Road, London. The rooms are mean and poorly furnished; with an unrepaired broken window in the main office.

A caller, who desires the advice of the association, finds that an elderly woman is the sole mainstay of the office. She interviews clients and she places them in touch with solicitors who will consider the actions they contemplate on speculative remuneration.

Quite openly this woman declares: "If you go to an ordinary solicitor and he asks five guineas in fees, we will put you in touch with a solicitor who will only want two guineas from you."

Scandalous

"If you are contemplating a divorce, and are faced with a prospective cost of about £40, we will put you in the way of undertaking the action on instalment payments."

In every way a scandalous form of commercial enterprise; for poor people

who are foolish enough to entrust their affairs to the Legal Aid Association find ultimately that they are in the hands of most unscrupulous persons.

No kind of money-making effort comes amiss to this supposedly "Legal" association. For, when my representative called at the office, there was a notice on the entrance, stating:

"Milk Round for sale. £50. North London. Apply first floor."

Really a most astonishing combination; an association which sets out to assist poor people in law disputes trying to dispose of a small suburban milk agency!

Enquiry into official documents shows that the Legal Aid Association has no real standing and is nothing more than a 5s. "Business Names" registration.

No qualifications

The proprietor is given as a Miss Joan Carey—the woman who presides over the office—and it is almost needless to add that Miss Carey has no professional qualifications at all for the work she undertakes.

This does not deter her from registering the nature of the business as: "Advice on divorce and accident."

Lately, as a kind of divorce court tout-ing, the association was advertising as under:

"Divorce Reform. In cases of drunkenness, cruelty, insanity, etc., persons interested should write to the Secretary, Legal Aid Association."

Of course that was just an attempt to lure the unhappily married into the association's net; for neither Miss Joan Carey nor her associates could possibly assist in any such instances.

It is of interest to note that while the letter paper of the association states that the organisation was established in 1890, the particulars filed at the Registry of Business Names indicate

that the business was really founded in November, 1932!

The further investigations of my staff reveal a much more interesting figure than Miss Joan Carey, the ostensible proprietress and secretary, behind the scenes of the Legal Aid Association.

And this is a man named Dennis, who signs letters as "principal" of the association.

My records indicate that this Dennis is the same fellow as J. Ashby Dennis, who some years ago was conducting an agency under the title of The Housing Association (Regd.).

On several occasions JOHN BULL disclosed the discreditable undertakings of this Dennis. He had various addresses in London; in Berners Street, in Craven Street, Strand, and at Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus.

At all of them he worked the imposture of collecting fees from people who were seeking houses, flats or apartments, and never found the accommodation for the securing of which he had been paid. He was then, as he is now, a "fee-snatcher."

In addition he extracted considerable sums of money from men, whom he persuaded to invest in the business in return for employment.

Something rather similar in the employment-with-investment "racket" has been conducted by the Legal Aid Association.

Advertisements appeared in certain London daily newspapers offering a post. Enquirers, who replied to a box number, came into communication with the Legal Aid Association, and then the terms of the engagement were explained to them.

They had to deposit a sum of money—in some cases £25, and in others less, as well as subscribe to a fidelity bond, before they were taken on the staff.

One man, who paid over his money and was engaged, found that the work consisted in following up individuals who had suffered in street accidents, and getting them to sign forms to the effect that they would entrust their claims for possible damage to the association.

Stop-gap

In addition he had to take statements from witnesses of accidents who might be required to give evidence in subsequent proceedings. He had also to fill in his time collecting rents.

After a short term with the association, the employee discovered that the character of the business was open to the strongest suspicion, and, in consequence, quite wisely, he resigned. With considerable difficulty he managed to secure a refund of the money he had invested.

It is in my view an open scandal that such institutions as the Legal Aid Association should be permitted to practise to the detriment of poor people who suffer from contact with such a business.

Pretenders like these to legal aid should be swept away. They are a grotesque and pernicious outcrop of a great profession, and they could not exist for a moment but for the secret aid of discreditable lawyers.

I should like to see the Law Society more active in dealing with solicitors who give their support and advice to any such association or society.

A Girl's Martyrdom

FATE has closed its hand upon a girl martyr.

In the spring of this year we recorded the terrible case of Gladys Croxford, a young woman then living with her widowed mother in East Ham, who in the course of her employment had contracted asbestosis, the disease of the lung tissues caused by working in the dust of an asbestos factory.

From the onset of her illness, more than four years ago, Gladys Croxford was doomed; for medical skill holds no cure for the victims of this insidious dust poisoning.

Now that unfortunate young woman has paid the penalty. She died recently at the City of London Chest Hospital. An inquest was held and a verdict of "Death from misadventure" returned by the Coroner.

There was one statement of general consolation made by a medical specialist at the inquest: that since 1930—when

the disease was first recognised and precautions taken to safeguard the workers—no new cases have occurred.

All the fatalities—and they have been many—trace back to infection inhaled before asbestos-making was discovered to be a highly dangerous occupation.

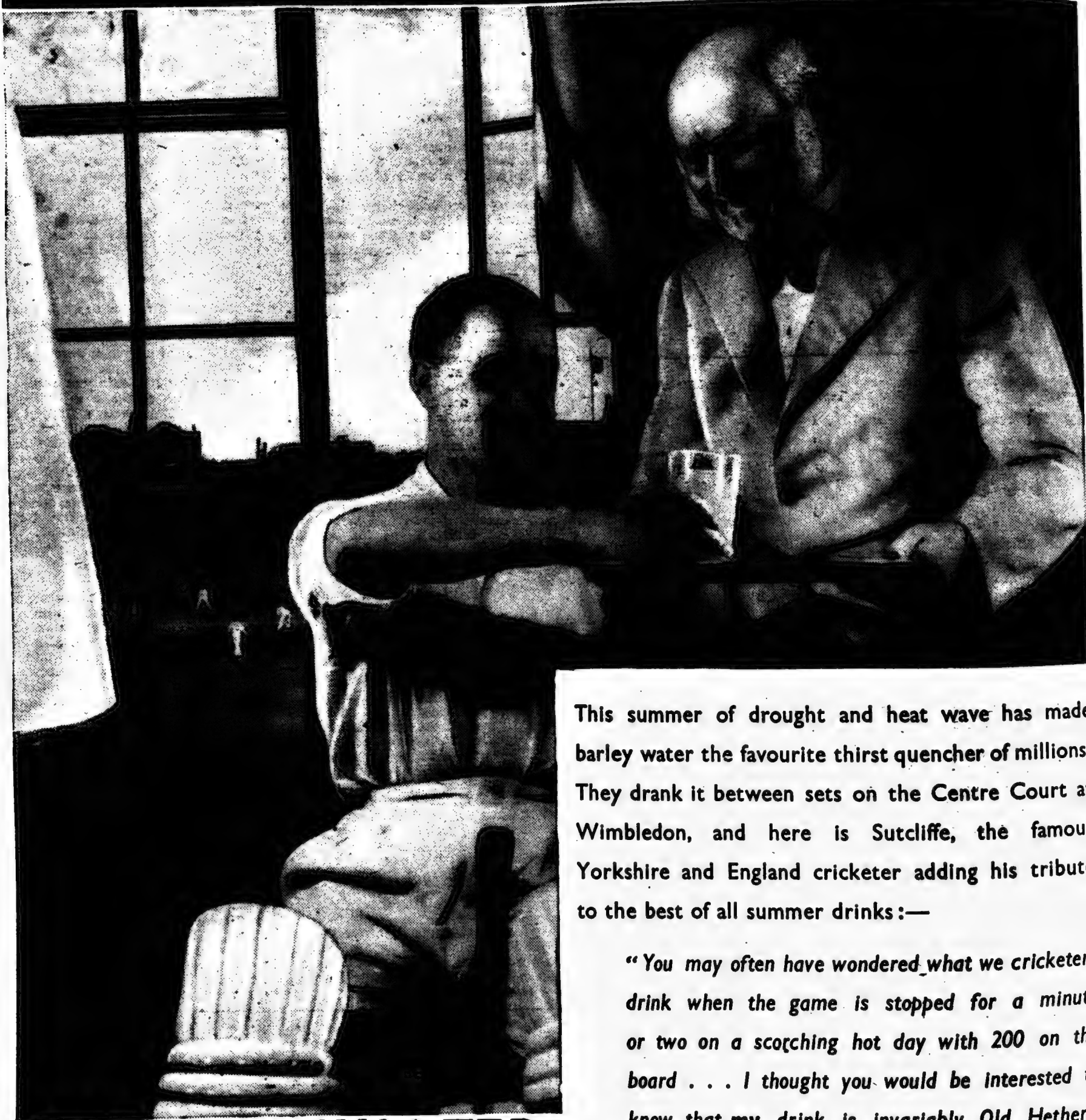
But that news of the risk now minimised does not affect the distressed mother of poor Gladys Croxford.

This elderly woman is in straitened circumstances, and no compensation can be claimed for her for the long illness and untimely death of her daughter for the reason that when the young woman was stricken asbestosis was not scheduled as an "industrial disease."

In other cases of death from asbestos poisoning the firm for which Gladys Croxford worked have made grants to assist bereaved relatives.

We suggest therefore that in all fairness they might review the financial condition of the lone widow.

SUTCLIFFE DRINKS BARLEY WATER



BARLEY WATER

made from

ROBINSON'S

"PATENT" BARLEY

Old Hethers' recipe is on every tin

This summer of drought and heat wave has made barley water the favourite thirst quencher of millions. They drank it between sets on the Centre Court at Wimbledon, and here is Sutcliffe, the famous Yorkshire and England cricketer adding his tribute to the best of all summer drinks:—

"You may often have wondered what we cricketers drink when the game is stopped for a minute or two on a scorching hot day with 200 on the board . . . I thought you would be interested to know that my drink is invariably Old Hethers' drink — barley water and lemon. It quenches the thirst, cools, and refreshes — and does not leave you thirstier than ever a few minutes later."

Herbert Sutcliffe

BIG AIRCRAFT COMPANY

Sensation

SOME months ago the badly mutilated body of a man named Newbould was found at the bottom of the cliffs at Brighton. During a temporary brain-storm, which was caused entirely by worry and financial trouble, he had taken his life.

For several weeks prior to this sad event, Newbould had told many of his closest friends that he was "fed up." Certain matters respecting the affairs of an aircraft company with which he was associated had greatly affected his mind.

He knew that the concern in question was in low water financially and that his life savings—and those of several other men who had been induced to take up shares—were at stake.

"I shall resign!" he had declared, again and again.

His troubles

A few weeks before Newbould threw away his life he had confided to a friend, another investor, that he had not been able to sleep for months.

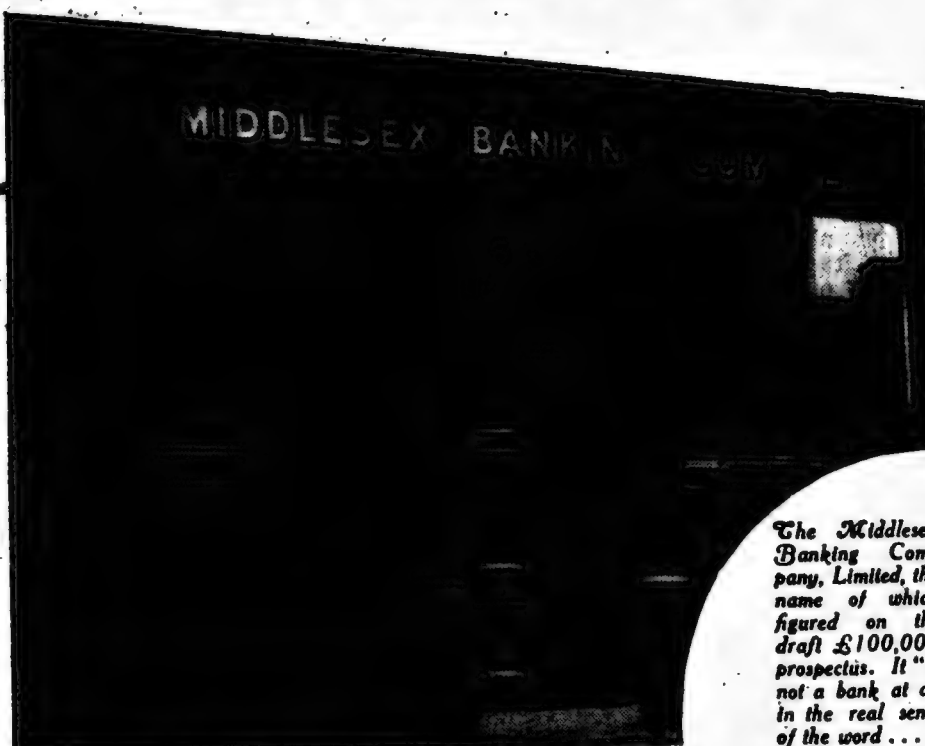
He was told not to be a fool, but to try to forget his troubles, to hope for the best, and to take a holiday.

In the end, with his bank balance on the wrong side, and little hope of the money he had staked in the company ever being retrieved, Newbould agreed to go away for a change of air.

He said good-bye to his co-investor friend, and went to Brighton. There he hurled himself over the cliffs, and perished in order to forget everything.

The company in which he had parted with his life savings, the Atlantis Trading Co., Ltd., of Craven House, Kingsway, and New Burlington Street, London, immediately sought to replace him.

Mr. Alfred Edward Vick, the managing director, within an hour of the notification of Newbould's death, was seeking a fresh investor who, in return for being given the post of sales manager with



The Middlesex Banking Company, Limited, the name of which figured on the draft £100,000 prospectus. It is not a bank at all in the real sense of the word....

the company, would be willing to invest £350.

A wreath was sent by the company to Newbould's funeral, and almost simultaneously, a new investor was found. Today he, too, is faced with the prospect that he has lost everything!

His money has gone where poor Newbould's went—into a company which, despite an imposing and elaborate programme, has recently brought grave disaster to a large number of people.

Proud boast

We have before us a copy of the impressive prospectus which the Atlantis Trading Co., Ltd., drew up less than a year ago, after it had been converted from a private to a public company.

This document boasts an authorised capital of £100,000, and proudly manifests the fact that its "bankers" are the Middlesex Banking Co., Ltd.—sometimes known as the Middlesex Bank—of Leadenhall Street, London.

Before we go any further let us reveal that the Middlesex Banking Co., Ltd., is not a "bank" at all in the real sense of the word. For years it has been regarded as of little importance in reputable banking circles, and the continuous changes in its directorate have, to say the least, been remarkable.

Many of its operations are of the type which a bank would not sponsor.

Only quite recently, indeed, the "bank" was sending out unsolicited circulars headed "A Simple Method of Dealing in Stocks and Shares," and was seeking financial investments of a highly speculative type which have been exposed time and again by financial experts.

Real status

Its real status will be readily revealed when we say that some of its activities are entirely outside the general scope of a bona-fide bank, and certain of its operations are in a class which have long since been entirely vetoed by reputable Stock Exchange brokers.

The aims and objects of the Atlantis Trading Co., Ltd., as set out in the prospectus to which we have already alluded, primarily concerned the manu-

Amazing Facts

Behind Investor's Mystery Death

facture and sale of "essential, economic and useful accessories and patent devices."

Big programme

Primarily manufacturers of motor and aircraft accessories, they also planned to produce "semaphore signals, four-purpose bodies, sunshine roof, patent non-glare screens, musical horns, and private cars."

A "conservative estimate" showed that the company's assets amounted to £34,500, and that excellent profits would be made once the public appeal for funds had been met.

At the time the prospectus was drafted a series of advertisements began to appear in a famous national paper. One of these asked for a "Works Manager," and directed applicants to call at a business transfer agency in High Holborn.

A Norbury reader, as a result of an interview he had with Alfred Edward Vick, the managing director, who was most impressive in manner, agreed to

It's Nearly Gone!

In three days' time your opportunity to secure THE BIG BOOK OF SHORT STORIES—JOHN BULL'S Great New Presentation—will be gone. Act at once! Turn to page 29 and send the Final Reservation Forms by the very next post.

accept a post as a works manager and invest £350.

When it was explained that the company owned factories in different parts, and had negotiated for the purchase of land at Cricklewood for development purposes, the client parted with his money.

Like the distracted Mr. Newbould, who took his life as a consequence of his fateful dealings with the Atlantis Trading Co., Ltd.—he, curiously enough, parted with a similar sum—the Norbury victim has regretted his decision ever since.

For he has parted with every penny, and has little hope, if any, of ever seeing any return.

Within five months of Mr. Vick's impressiveness, and of the money changing hands, the blow came. In spite of its rosy programme, the company had a crisis in its short but colourful career which must have been the hardest blow of all.

Bailiffs arrived at the Richmond factory.

And as the financial resources of the company were so slight that the bailiffs' demands could not be satisfied, a sale by auction of the company's chattels took place publicly!

Startling discovery

Apart from numerous trade creditors, and ordinary shareholders who have taken up shares, there are quite a number of men, in the same category as the deceased Mr. Newbould and the Norbury man whose case we have cited, who have been induced to buy shares in this way.

The £100,000 prospectus gave as the company's secretary a Mr. R. E. A. D. Sole, of Craven House, Kingsway, London. Our enquiries enable us to disclose the fact that he had a most trying experience during the few months he was acting under Vick's instructions.

When he joined the Atlantis Trading Co., Ltd., he was assured by Vick that it was in a sound financial position, and was in the receipt of large orders.

On Vick's representations he invested £350.

Three weeks only had passed before he discovered that the company was not by any means in the flourishing position Vick had stated it to be.

When he faced Vick with this fact he was assured that everything would be quite all right—shortly.

Instead of getting better, the affairs of the company grew worse; in fact, just prior to the £100,000 public issue they were desperate.

But Vick was not nonplussed. He, like the famous character H. G. Wells invented, Mr. Britling, intended to "see it through."

He did—well through!

Gloomy outlook

Step by step he increased the company's capital from £8,000 to £50,000, and in the end planned to make it £100,000.

In his efforts to "make everything O.K." he even got into touch with Public Flotations, Ltd., a notorious company, run by the indefatigable Henry Allen Ashton, who has been exposed time and again in this journal and in *Truth*.

Even Ashton would not have anything to do with the proposition!

To-day, Mr. Vick is very glum indeed. But he is not nearly so glum as his victims.

They are naturally, in the circumstances we have disclosed, most anxious that the inner facts in which this unfortunate venture has reached its chaotic state should be made known without delay.

Who can blame them?

Two-Guinea Trash

PROFESSOR EL-TANAH, described as the "eminent Eastern Astrologer," of 4, King Street, Jersey, Channel Islands, is busy circulating an offer to cast horoscopes free of charge.

Readers in places as far apart as Glasgow and Pontypridd have been favoured in this way and have written to ask for our views.

The circular he sends out is adorned with a reproduction of what is called his "luxurious suite of offices," contained within a magnificent building complete with an observatory.

He invites members of the public to consult the stars about love, marriage, business, travel, speculation, their friends and their enemies.

* * *

And in these delightful circumstances they are led to believe the "Professor" is carrying on a great work which formerly occupied him for five years in the South of France.

He professes, among other things, to be able to unlock the gates of the future and to set clients on the path towards their ambition, whatever it may be.

One of our readers who sent for a "free reading" has received a multi-typed letter in which he is addressed as "Dear Friend," but in which he has learned little that matters.

The "Professor" has compromised by making him a special offer of a complete life reading, moon table, daily guide, and perpetual planetary hour calendar, at a cost of two guineas.

All of which is rubbish, and merely an effort to secure remittances either by postal order, banker's draft or bank notes by registered letter.

TIED for life to a man who is a professional bigamist; who victimises women as his principal means of livelihood, who cares little or nothing for the distress and tragedy he leaves in his trail.

Hundreds of women are in that pitiable position to-day, married to confirmed and deliberate adventurers, rogues who batten upon society, who leave their real wives and children to the mercy of the world, neither knowing nor caring what will happen to them.

Sad, almost unbelievable, is the scandal of these chained women. Freedom is something completely beyond their grasp. They have no redress.

The law is absolutely powerless to help them.

Wronged wives

Their bigamist husbands have everything in their favour. No matter how merciless or cruel they may be, how black their records, how deep their rascality, they can laugh at those whom it is their duty to protect, and pursue their perfidious behaviour without legal or official hindrance.

The police can, of course, prosecute the offenders for bigamy, but this provides no solace or redress for the wronged wives.

In Liverpool there is one of these hapless women. For eighteen years she has been chained to a professional bigamist—a mean, treacherous, persistent rogue, who, since he deserted her, rarely contributed a penny towards her support or towards the upbringing and education of their son.

For years she has not set eyes upon him, at least in ordinary circumstances, and the boy has never seen his father at all, and knows nothing of his real character.

Frank Parkyn Jones, the woman's lawful husband, has lived by his wits for nearly a quarter of a century.

A criminal almost from birth, he possesses a strange fascination over women which, solely for purposes of fraud, he exploits to the full.

Sordid story

On at least five different occasions within the last two years Jones has gone through the marriage ceremony with women whom he has subsequently robbed.

His object in doing so was simply and solely to enrich himself financially.

The fact that his wife can prove nothing more robs her of the chance of seeking her freedom through the divorce courts.

For bigamy or, indeed, nabitual roguery, unless additional and material evidence is available to prove that the illegal marriage was consummated, does not in the present state of the law provide sufficient grounds for divorce.

A more sordid story of deception could not be found than that of Frank Parkyn Jones, who only the other day stood in the dock at the York Assizes on a number of grave charges which included bigamy, fraud, and false pretences.

Even the judge, accustomed to dramatic disclosures in the courts, confessed himself amazed at the facts which were laid before him.

What of the secret sufferings of the woman who, legally tied to a rogue, only hears of him when police officers call upon her to question her about his latest movements? Or

when she picks up a newspaper one morning to read that he is "wanted," or has been arrested—or sent to jail, perhaps, for fresh crimes?

The Liverpool wife has endured an unending ordeal which, luckily, is spared most women. She has been visited again and again by detectives; she has been questioned not once but a score of times about the operations of the worthless husband she has not seen in person for years.

Despite all his roguery she cannot get the freedom to which she is so obviously entitled.

To-day she has the full history of his latest operations. She knows, as the police do, that he has posed as a bachelor, a director of fraudulent companies, a theatrical star, a film magnate, a banker, and even a sham millionaire: but she is powerless to do anything.

The vital evidence upon which a divorce is alone possible is missing.

Frank Parkyn Jones has never, as far as she knows—or can prove—misconducted himself with any of his countless women dupes.

He has just met them, "married" them, robbed them, and—left them penniless.

A few months ago he called upon a young provincial widow.

He told her that he had met her previously at a certain social function, but she was unable to recall the occasion, and told him so. Jones persisted, however, that they had met in the circumstances he described.

He wormed his way into her confidence. He called upon her every day, posed as a retired business man, talked of love and marriage, and eventually proposed to her.

Previously, without her knowledge, he had cunningly discovered that the widow owned extensive property. This, of course, was his chief object in paying court to her at all!

In due course the date of the wedding was fixed. A number of the woman's friends were invited to the ceremony, which took place at a local register office, and Jones with his "bride" entertained their guests in great style at a luxurious reception which was held at an adjacent assembly hall.

No Honeymoon

No sooner had he arrived at the South Coast resort at which they were to spend their honeymoon than he disappeared, leaving "Mrs. Parkyn Jones-the-Second" to discover that he had sold all her pro-

perty, converted the proceeds to his own uses, and married her under an assumed name.

About the time of his disappearance an interesting announcement appeared in a daily newspaper. It ran:

Bachelor, small business, wishes to meet lady with view to marriage. . . . Independent means.

Several women answered it. One, who had a small but prosperous business, met Jones by appointment and was told a story that in many respects was similar to that he unfolded in the previous case. Marriage soon became the chief topic of the deceiver's conversation.

Before he had known the fresh dupe for more than a few weeks, during which time he had obtained from her various sums of money by fraud, he proposed marriage—and was accepted.

Again he committed bigamy. Again he deserted his new "bride" within a few hours of the marriage ceremony.

But his departure was also the more dramatic because he had once more taken everything she possessed, including even her cheque-book!

And his own wife, chained to him for what appears to be all time, and left to bring up her son in the best way she could—and at times even dependent upon the Liverpool Public Assistance Committee for support—had once more to face the interrogations of enquiring police officers as to whether she had had

any recent news of her husband, or could give any useful information as to his present whereabouts or activities.

After "marrying" in this disgraceful fashion one or two other women dupes, Jones next assumed the name of Brian Roberts, and issued a small stream of advertisements in matrimonial papers for "wives."

He was, in fact, arrested whilst on the point of going through a ceremony with a girl of nineteen, from whose father he had obtained several hundreds of pounds by fraud.

He will be in jail for the next four years.

Judge speaks out

"You live on women," said Mr. Justice, Humphreys, in sentencing him, "and in some remarkable way impress them—for dishonest and fraudulent purposes—that you are an honourable and respectable man. . . ."

Jones merely smiled, indifferent to the fact that his legal wife, unable to gain any redress, was a pathetic spectator at the back of the court.

The case of this deserted wife, sad though it is, is only one of hundreds. Unless adultery can be proved jointly with bigamy they have no escape. They must for all time remain tied to scoundrels like this man.

Consider the case of a woman who lives in Berkshire, where she works for long hours in a draper's shop to keep her fourteen-year-old son and

CHAINED to the



The husband is the black with his bring to the She

BIGAMIST!



A National Disgrace

a woman for her money, and her money only, or indulges in repeated criminal exploits, his legal wife must suffer in silence.

Only when the victims of such scandalous cases happen to be sufficiently well-off to have protracted enquiries made in all parts of the country, in the hope that the vital evidence which is so hard to obtain can be found, is there any likelihood at all of freedom showing itself through the cloud of enduring sadness and solitude of their chained lives.

A detective called upon this woman only the other day. He showed her documents which emphasised the fact that her husband is wanted for a number of offences in London, Reading, Wallasey, Northampton, Chester, Liverpool, Hull, Hunstanton, Leeds—and a host of other places as well.

Forgery, false pretences, cheque frauds, burglary and—bigamy!

Wanted here, there, and everywhere. And the legal wife who so urgently requires her freedom, so that she may marry again, is not only denied the right which should surely be hers, but has to submit to continual interrogation at the hands of enquiring police officers, who are naturally anxious to trace the husband she may not have seen for years and years.

Charming rogue

During last summer Scotland Yard detectives, acting under Chief Inspector Sands, investigated the case of a woman who had been induced by a many-allased rogue to part with nearly two thousand pounds.

He pretended to have a wonderful scheme which was designed to facilitate the opening of a number of restaurants throughout the country.

The rogue in question is well known in the West End of London as a criminal of great personal charm, where women are concerned, had met the woman through a matrimonial bureau and had agreed to marry her.

Before she discovered that he was a professional bigamist, who had been to prison time and again for defrauding disillusioned women, he had obtained from her every penny she possessed.

He had even induced her to hand to him a number of profit-paying securities, and all her jewellery for investment!

He is in jail now, and will be safely incarcerated for the next

three years at least. But that doesn't make it any the easier for his wife.

A sorrowful figure at his trial, which took place before Sir Percival Clarke, K.C., at the London Sessions, was his legal wife, who, since 1923, has been vainly struggling to obtain a divorce on the ground that he was a confirmed bigamist!

But, as is so often the case in these domestic dramas, the vital information was missing.

And so, forlorn and sad though she may be, she must remain just another of these chained women!

Freedom denied

Another typical case is that of a persistent rogue who has latterly been masquerading in the name of Derek Bowford.

He has repeatedly made love to women with private means, and robbed them of everything he could lay his hands upon.

His first wife, whom he grossly deceived, was fortunate enough to secure sufficient evidence to enable her to obtain a divorce, but the lady he subsequently married was not so fortunate.

He married the latter victim solely for the purpose of robbing her, and, almost before the ceremony was over, deserted her and purloined all her money and valuables.

Scotland Yard officers have received several complaints about this professional "bridegroom" from women whom he has deceived in this way.

These cases, poignant in their dramatic appeal, are typical of hundreds.

Intolerable

They tell the tragic story of women who, deceived by heartless rogues, have to live chained lives because the law does not allow them to obtain their freedom.

A cold and ironic law stipulates that bigamy or persistent roguery are only just grounds for divorce if adultery be additionally proved beyond all reasonable doubt.

We think that the time has come when the men who make the law should say:

If a man, even for purposes of crime alone, deserts his legal wife or goes through a form of marriage with another woman, he shall be deemed to have given sufficient grounds for divorce.

When this is done, as one day it must most surely be, hundreds of burdened and suffering women will be released from a lasting bondage which is both intolerable and unjust.

mother. She is an "un-
wed" woman.

and is a bigamist and

rious dupes of all types
towns. Proof of any-
nd fraud cannot be
nd thus a divorce is
of the question.

ong list of aliases. The
ied him in 1918. He de-
n 1920, and she has not
ce. He has never con-
single penny towards
nance, or that of her
now on the threshold of
al career.

atched wife, who only
r husband through the
or when police officers
er in the hope of execut-
ts for his arrest, has
possible means of
her freedom.

solicitors have tried to
A famous lay magistrate
up her case. The Poor
Department has been
Even two succeeding

Home Secretaries have been
appealed to. But it has all been in
vain—she is just another bigamist's
wife, chained for life to a scoundrel
who does not want her, does not
care for his child.

Listen to her own pathetic story:
"The police have informed me
that my husband only recently
committed a bigamous marriage at
Lambeth Register Office. . . . My
brother has verified the signature on
the marriage register as that of my
husband. . . ."

Pitiful pleas

But she cannot prove what she
must prove to obtain a divorce . . .
and the legal advisers at the Poor
Persons' Department advise her
that, in the circumstances, her evi-
dence is insufficient to warrant her
getting a divorce. . . .

"Surely something can be
done. . . ?" she asks.

The answer, unhappily, is that
nothing can be done.

Just as long as a rogue "marries"

Don't take RISKS!

Cuts, scratches, blisters, sores
may lead to serious
cases of blood
poisoning

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THE COMBINED ANTISEPTIC DRESSING
AND PLASTER AND BE SAFE!

You can put
it on yourself
in a few
seconds



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clean gauze pad mounted on a strip of medical
adhesive plaster ready cut to the size you require.
It cannot chafe or press on the wound. It can-
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Get a 1/- tin (containing 18 dressings) from your
chemist to-day or write for



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FREE SAMPLE. Send to Phensic Ltd., Dept. J.B.A.,
420, Chester Road, Manchester, for free sample.

The PRIVATE LIFE of GEORGE LANSBURY (7)

—by his Son EDGAR—

NOBODY
thinks
of fath-
er as a
good
busi-
ness

man, because he
never succeeded in
making money for
himself or his chil-
dren. He never re-
garded making
money as a worthy
occupation. Never-
theless, had he
served his own in-
terests with half
the zeal he employed in the service
of the people, he might to-day be
able to contemplate a bank balance
instead of a tiresome and fluctuating
overdraft.

As an individual, he is extrava-
gant, but his extravagance is always
for the benefit of the other fellow.
Some people would call him reck-
less. For example, some twenty
years ago he actually borrowed a
hundred pounds from the bank in
order to lend it to somebody, neither
relation nor friend, who wanted
to start a business.

One just man

Mother was always long-suffering
and patient—I think she had known
the man she was marrying and had
been prepared for almost every-
thing. But this transaction
aroused her just wrath, for we were
always hard put to it to scrape
together lump sums for rates, rent,
coal bills, and small but regular
school fees.

Surprisingly enough, the money
was repaid, mother's guns spiked,
and father provided with a powerful
text on the integrity of borrowers
and the goodness of man in general.

Of course, it would wipe out from his
memory the hundreds of minor loans or
gifts made to all and sundry in response
to some more or less credible hard-luck
story. To the rest of the family, all
young and gullible, this one just man
loomed big on the horizon as a kind of
saviour washing away the sins of the
financial world.

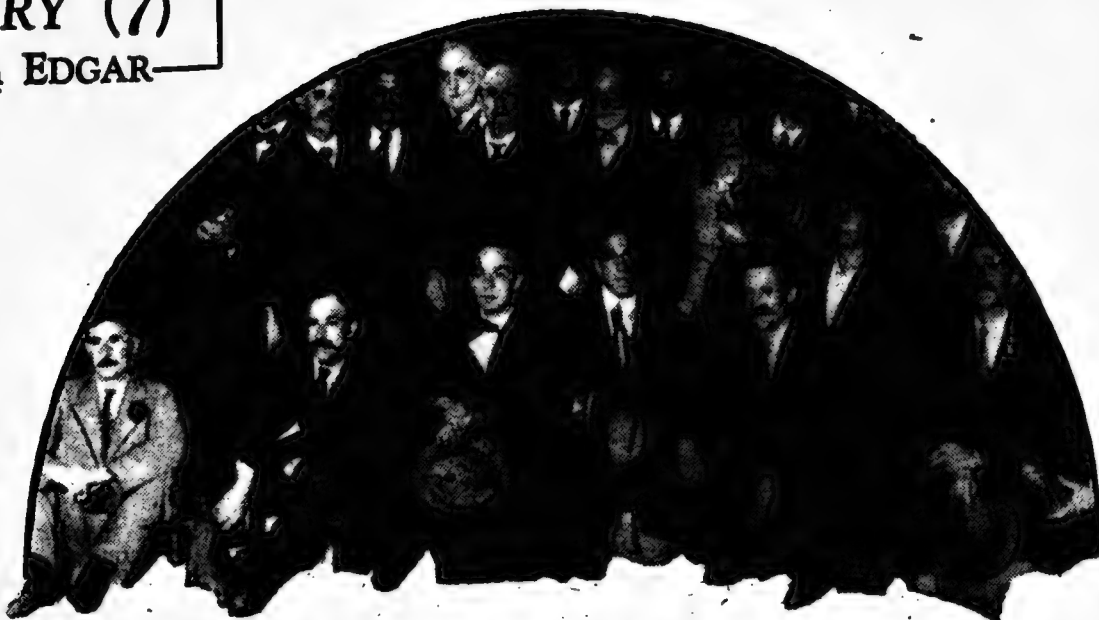
Father had great personal cares and
anxieties; apart from public affairs, he
never found the practical work of earn-
ing a living congenial or easy. He was
too tender to make a good "business
man."

Even loved

He had become a partner in the
veneer-cutting business in which he
formerly worked as a labourer, and was
esteemed and respected (even loved) by
most of the firm's customers, especially
the impecunious Jews lately arrived from
Poland and Russia, who found him
specially easy to get on with—he trusted
them all. Among these rather nice and
human characters, many now rich and
prosperous, his name is still one to con-
jure with, and his earlier deeds matters
to recall and marvel at.

His actual control of the veneer-cut-
ting establishment was notable by reason
of the variety of characters who found
a refuge there from the storms and
stresses of the outside world. The
curate recommended a pimply-faced,
anemic-looking youth; a fellow-guard-
ian urged the claims of a consumptive
old fellow with only a few months to

FATHER



Members of the Poplar Borough Council after their memorable
"rates protest" sojourn in Brixton Prison

Photo by kind permission of Mr. William E. Nichols, Deputy Town Clerk of Poplar

live; or a corner-boy would beg for a
chance to start a life of honest toil—
all would be taken on, whatever their
qualifications for the actual work.

Obviously, father could never have
become a millionaire, and it was only
the urgent necessities of a large and
clamorous family that prevented his
throwing up all attempts to run a
business.

However, he kept at it long enough to
see all his children on their feet, either
married or working, and off his hands,
but with no financial security beyond
their capacity to work. He always told
us that his aim, so far as we were con-
cerned, was to keep us and educate us
until we were strong enough to work
for ourselves.

For others..

Like most prominent men, father has
been the recipient of thousands of beg-
ging letters, but, unlike many prominent
men, his very door has always been
assailed, not to say besieged, by those
who need help of one kind or another.
One can hardly imagine a down-at-heel
unemployed worker knocking at Mr.
Baldwin's door to ask for a night's
lodging; nor would one of Sir Austen
Chamberlain's constituents hit on the
idea of seeking out his Member of Par-
liament in his home in order to raise
the wind to the tune of ten shillings or
a pound for the rent. For one thing,
they would probably be met at the door
by a butler—and kept outside.

I have seen father irritated beyond
words by the appearance at his street
door, opened, of course, by mother, his
daughter, or himself, of men who rep-
resented themselves as having walked all
the way from Glasgow or Liverpool in
search of work and only wanted a
couple of shillings for a night's lodging.
His irritation would be due to the
obvious hunger and need of the appli-
cant, to the weakness of the story and
to his own complete inability to do any-
thing really tangible to help.

A further cause of anxiety was the

DON'T SACK MOTHERS! —ENDOW THEM

Should every married woman be free to
choose whether she will go out to work
or not? The Nazis say "No," but Mrs.
Pethick Lawrence, ex-suffragette, feminist
orator and President of the Women's
League, gives a most decided, "Yes" to
the question.

Whichever side you take, you will find
much food for thought in the article
"Don't Sack Mothers—Endow Them"—
one of the many good things inside
Passing Show on sale August 3.

fact that his slender purse was not
equal to the strain which these constant
payments made upon it. But one thing
would turn irritation into wrath, and
that was an application by one of these
itinerants for a small "loan." To the
applicant for the loan of a pound he
would say: "You know jolly well you
can't pay me back, so take this five bob,
and get yourself something to eat; but
for goodness' sake don't say you'll pay
me back."

Occasionally a local costermonger,
very much down on his luck, would turn
up for a loan of five pounds with which
to go to the fish or fruit market; and if
the money was available it would be
lent, and as often as not paid back
within two or three days.

Father does most of his reading and
writing in the front room of his house
at 39, Bow Road. His desk faces the
window, and, while he tackles the many
political and personal problems that
face him daily, the rattle and roar of
trams, buses, lorries and steam wagons
goes on. He literally sees the stream of
life pass beneath his window. Children
pass to and from school; men and
women pass to and from their work.
Bow Road is a veritable "Old Man
River," along which pass bales, barrels,
bundles and packages of all kinds of
merchandise to which Paul Robeson
might do justice in another song.

His pageant

For him this is a minor pageant, a
humble Lord Mayor's Show, which gives
him inspiration, courage and hope. No
wonder he talks of "the common
people." He belongs to them entirely,
and every thought, every action,
whether expressed in the House of
Commons or at the street corner, is
formed and moulded by their influence.

* * *

If George Lansbury seldom applied his
talents to business on his own be-
half, such indifference did not extend to
public affairs. The best piece of busi-
ness he ever did was to lead the
members of the Poplar Borough Council
into prison—the men to Brixton and the
women to Holloway—in 1921.

[In September, 1921, thirty of
Poplar's councillors were arrested
for contempt of Court. They
had refused to levy certain out-
side rates, which they felt im-
posed an unfair burden upon the
poor.—EDITOR.]

We remained in Brixton prison with

Goes to PRISON

Our comrades for about six weeks, during which the Government made many unofficial promises to deal with the question of the rates of London in the lines of our demand if only we could first purge our contempt of Court by levying the rate.

Father was too wily to be caught in this way.

Most of us took the line that the Government, having allowed us to get into prison through their neglect, should find some means of getting us out again. Besides, we were beginning to find prison comfortable, if not delectable.

Our prison days were exciting and tedious in turn. Father

himself would probably have preferred to take things quietly instead of causing a lot of bother for everybody in the prison. Poor Jack Scurr, a very sick man at the time, was somewhat like-minded.

But the rest of us decided to make ourselves as objectionable as possible to those for whom prison discipline was a matter of grave concern.

Needless to say, both Father and Scurr supported us in all our misdoings. There was hardly a prison rule we did not break. In the first few days the warders tried hard to treat us like ordinary criminals, locking us in our cells for twenty-four hours, and ordering us to march yards apart in the prison yard in single file. They failed. We just strolled about the exercise yards arguing and debating and causing great disaffection amongst the other prisoners.

Perogatives

After three days all pretence of discipline had gone, prison regulations were scrapped, and we became the virtual masters of Brixton prison.

Special food was sent in for us, the Town Clerk and many borough officials (including the medical officer of the borough) came every day and enabled us to conduct the ordinary business of the Poplar Council in one of the Governor's rooms. Footballs and football boots were sent in to the younger ones by supporters outside. We practised assiduously and issued a challenge

to a band of Sinn Feiners who spent the days playing in another part of the prison. The match didn't take place, luckily for us.

The prison doctor was distracted, especially when Father's health seemed to be breaking down.

Two or three of us were genuinely ill, but one and all reported sick every morning and insisted on a thorough examination in case we had some hidden illness for which, we insisted, we would hold the Governor responsible.

Warders were transferred and reduced

them plainly over the prison walls, and they could see us peering between the bars of our cell windows. We all sang the Red Flag, the Internationale, and other Socialist songs, shouted greetings to each other over the wall, and as a rule Father would wind up the demonstrations with one of his rousing speeches which could be heard throughout the prison.

"Where's Edgar?"

One of the most important rules is that prisoners must not talk at all or look out of their cell windows.

One night, when Father had just finished his speech, someone outside shouted, "What's young Edgar doing with himself all this time?" (he meant the writer); so even I had to heave myself up to the window and give verbal proof that I was still alive if not kicking.

The necessity for getting us out of prison now presented itself to Sir Alfred Mond (afterwards Lord Melchett)—the Minister of Health—as an even more urgent task than levying the rates of Poplar.

The ordinary run of prisoners (poor wretches in for debt, most of them) were getting restive. The Governor complained to

us, and doubtless to the Home Office of the difficulty of maintaining prison discipline among the habituals with such a group as ours on his hands.

After a lot of negotiating and wire-pulling that seemed to us interminable, a satisfactory legal document was drawn up enabling us to walk out of prison in the sure knowledge that the reform which thirty years of constitutional agitation had failed to bring about would at last be effected.

Stepney, Greenwich, Woolwich, St. Pancras, and every poor borough of London benefited financially by many hundreds of thousands of pounds by our action, and Labour administration of the Poor Law in those areas was correspondingly simplified.

NEXT WEEK :

Going to See the King

Homely Wisdom by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

ERRORS of JUDGMENT

THAT lovable American humorist and literary genius, Mark Twain, had the kind of exuberant nature which sometimes betrayed him into lapses of good taste. When he was a little over-excited or carried away by his own eloquence at social gatherings he would now and then say or do something of which he was afterwards bitterly ashamed as having been a breach of good manners.

When he had been guilty of what in slang terms is called a bloomer, or in French a gaffe, he would suffer for it quite in his own esteem for a long time.

His friend W. D. Howells used to say that he never knew anybody to be so humiliated and depressed by the memory of such mistakes as Mark Twain. If he thought he had made himself a laughing stock by the utterance of some coarse or silly sentiment, offended anyone whose good opinion he valued, or given his hearers reason to think of him as a bore, he could scarcely be persuaded to show his face in company again.

Poor Mark! This sensitiveness of his was a good trait in his character. Many smaller men have none of it, and need it

more than he ever did. No one who knew him intimately ever thought the worse of him for his rare indiscretions; he more than made up for them by his kindness of heart and the admiration he was wont to exhibit for everything refined and noble in the celebrated men and women of his day.

There are few persons now living who have no reason to look back with regret upon some piece of folly, usually committed by the tongue, which put them in a bad light with others and perhaps cost them the respect and confidence of some for whom they had high regard.

Just think of the harm that one childish blunder of this sort can cause in human intercourse. Perhaps a man forgets himself in congenial society. Perhaps he has taken a drop too much without being actually intoxicated and begins to chatter too freely. Now it is well known that one of the first effects of alcohol is to impair the judgment without necessarily diminishing any other mental capacity.

Under the influence of alcoholic liquor, even in moderation, a man who is ordinarily cautious and reserved will



"Reckless in his extravagance for others." Here is Mr. Lansbury giving away Christmas presents for East End kiddies

in rank for bullying and threatening prisoners with personal violence.

The place became a pandemonium and our imprisonment degenerated into a farce.

Outside the prison more exciting things were happening. Enormous processions marched with bands and banners round the prison walls. Leather-lunged orators addressed the crowds from the upper windows of houses facing the prison. We could see



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sometimes blurt out unwise or offensive statements of which he repents too late. He has lowered himself in his own good opinion and that of others, and to the day of his death he will never be able to recall his blunder without wincing.

It is much the same if a man gives way to anger and loses his self-control. The ancients said that anger was brief madness, and the description is not inaccurate.

One does in a moment of rage what can never be undone; and yet we know well enough that what is done in a temper does not represent what a man normally is nor the exercise of his cool intelligence. Oh! the pity of it when a happy fellowship is wrecked through ungoverned passion!

Beware of those unguarded moments when one's worst mistakes are apt to be made. But if you have been tripped up by any of them, don't let the trouble spoil your whole life. Learn from it, but don't be crushed by it. There are few mistakes that cannot be lived down in time; and if you sincerely try to make good in life, the people who know you will give you credit for it. They will measure you by what you are, not by what you are not.

GONE

FOREVER!

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ASK YOUR DEALER
FOR THEM!

MACLELLAN BROOKLANDS
TYRES

The TIED DAUGHTER

IT is a long time since Nelson sent out his clarion call—"England expects every man this day to do his duty." And history proves how loyally those men responded to that call. That was in the urge and excitement of war-time days, but there are people who are anxious to obey the same demands in the ordinary affairs of their everyday life.

"I'll do my duty till I drop," wrote a woman to me the other day. And she meant it. The whole tone of her letter proved that. Countless other folk mean it, too. And things are made all the more difficult for some of them when there is a clash of duties, when, for instance, they are faced with the problem of which should come first—duty to husband or children; wife or parents; employer or fellow-worker.

Here is a letter from a woman who tells me she is thirty-eight years old. Nearly twenty years ago she fell in love with a young man of twenty-three and he with her. But after the war, as there seemed little chance of his succeeding in this country, he decided to emigrate to New Zealand. This girl was anxious to go with him, but she was an only child and had an ailing mother who was then over fifty years old. Her letter goes on:

"I reached the first real crisis of my life—should I leave mother alone, or obey the dictates of my heart and go with my sweetheart? There was no chance of our taking her with us—she would never have stood the long journey. After thinking matters over carefully, and remembering the hard life my mother had had, I decided to stay at home. The doctors said that she was not likely to live much longer, and I wanted to give her my companionship and love during the short time that remained to her."

BUT this mother lived on and she is still living. Now, seventy years old, she is still ailing and still lingering. And all the time that young fellow, who is now a man of forty-three, has waited patiently for his girl. Now he wants her, for he has made good in New Zealand, but his business interests prevent him from coming home.

He has even suggested that he will pay the fare for the mother to go out there, too. But she does not want to go. She wants to be laid to rest by the side of her husband.

So my correspondent has reached another crisis in her life, and she turns to me and asks "What shall I do?"

Now most of the problems sent to me are far from easy to solve, but I do not remember a more difficult one than this. Yet, after giving this letter the most careful consideration, my sympathies are definitely on the side of my correspondent and her fiancé.

Let us consider the circumstances. This man is obviously "one of the best." Where others might have grown tired of waiting and possibly have married someone else, he has remained true through all the years. There must have been many hours of loneliness for him in that far country which the companionship of a wife would have relieved. Now "he feels he wants her."

So much for the man's side of the story. And now for my correspondent. She has devoted her life up to now to the care of her mother. She has denied herself the greatest gifts that life can give—a home, possibly children, and a man she loves for a husband. She has done her duty nobly. But sacrifice should not be expected to go any further. My advice to her, therefore, is to cable to her man in New Zealand, telling him that she is sailing very shortly.

But what about her mother? Has she to be left in the lurch? Well, I should first of all ascertain from the doctor whether the old lady is fit enough to undertake such a journey. In these days ocean travelling can be as comfortable as staying at home.

Should she still persist in her intentions to remain at home, then my correspondent would complete her duty by leaving that mother preferably in the care of friends but in any case as comfortable as circumstances will allow. In my next problem this week a

Her mother or
her fiancé?
They both need
her. Whom
should it be?



Her First Duty—to Whom?

second marriage has led to difficulties in the home. The letter comes from a man who is torn between duty to his child and his second wife.

"I had the misfortune," he writes, "to lose my first wife six years ago. This was a terrible blow to me, as we were devoted to each other, and she was a perfect wife and mother. She left me with a small daughter and my sister came to keep house for me until she herself married. Then I decided to marry again, partly for companionship,

prove helpful in a case of this kind. It may lead, as I hope, to a closer agreement between the two concerned. It will certainly mean that the girl is growing older and in the course of time may have a home of her own, or a career to absorb her interests. The next few years are therefore of importance, and I hope that for this space of time peace and harmony may be restored in that home.

IN thinking of the duty that we owe to others some of us are inclined to forget that there is a duty we owe to ourselves. My third correspondent is a young man who tells me that he is the youngest of three brothers, and that they live on a farm left to them by their father, when he died a few years ago. Their mother passed away a year ago, and—well, let my correspondent go on with his own story:—

"When my father died, my elder brothers, at a good deal of sacrifice on their part, sent me to a decent school to complete my education. But when mother became ill I left it in order to help in the home, and as we have not been able to afford a housekeeper I have carried on in the same way.

"Farming is not in my line, and I naturally feel that housework is not the kind of job I am cut out for. When I was at school I loved my studies, and feel I am worthy of something better. The girl whom I hope one day to marry thinks that I am wasting my time, and this is where I need your advice.

"I know my brothers would take it badly if I cleared out. The farm hardly keeps us as it is, but the additional expense of a housekeeper would almost cripple them. Please, 'Humanist,' tell me if I should place my girl and myself first or stick to my brothers, who have always been so jolly decent to me?"

This young man is engaged on work which he neither likes nor which seems to have any future for him. I do not consider housework is a job for any man, even under these circumstances.

For that reason, and also that some time in the future he is looking forward to marriage, I think this young man should cut adrift from his present "dead end" occupation. There is one way in which this might be done. He tells me that he has had a good education. He ought to be able to turn that to account.

WHAT he must do is to decide on some career and then go "all out" to perfect himself for it. In these days when facilities for him to enter any profession upon which he sets his heart. And it would have this added advantage—that he could do a good deal of his work at home in his spare time. That would ease the lot of his brothers until the farm is on a paying basis.

Human Documents

Send your problem to "Humanist."
Address it to 93, Long Acre, W.C.2,
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Philip Inman

partly to give my little girl a mother, and partly to have a woman to manage the house and make a home of it.

"My daughter is now fifteen years old and I am sorry to say that she and my wife do not get on at all well together. Yet apart from that, my second marriage has proved satisfactory in every way. My girl, I know, is headstrong, but otherwise there is nothing bad about her. Her stepmother is a splendid woman, too, except that she does not seem able to manage the child.

"I naturally feel I cannot take sides against one or the other, but we frequently have scenes and these are very distressing. I wonder if you will advise me what I can do to help matters?"

THIS man is indeed in a dilemma, but one that ought not to be incapable of solution. His wife is, he says, "a splendid woman," and there is "nothing bad" about his daughter. It seems a pity that in these circumstances there should be any real trouble.

Is it not possible for this stepmother to take the girl into her confidence and let her feel she has a place in the home? After all, the child may have memories of her own mother and she may feel just a little sore that someone else has taken her place.

I feel sure that the stepmother can win that child's confidence if she will let her see that she is a friend and not an enemy. And the girl, too, as she grows older, will appreciate more and more that stepmother with her kindly counsel and consideration.

These two evidently care very deeply for my correspondent. There is therefore a definite link that should bind them together. I suggest that he might have a heart to heart talk with them both for in that way it may lead to a better understanding.

Every year that passes is likely to



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You are a victim of CONSTIPATION—that one underlying CAUSE of 90% of everyday ills. The insidious point about Constipation is that many sufferers do not even suspect it. Their systems may be deceptively regular yet the truth is that elimination is days late and waste products remain unexpelled, thus poisoning the whole of the blood stream. Until you conquer this sluggishness of your system, you will never be free from suffering.

What you need is Beecham's Pills. They are *Worth a Guinea a Box* to every sufferer from Constipation. This fine old remedy conquers a multitude of ills because it removes the cause of them. Beecham's Pills are purely vegetable in origin, safe and certain in action. In a perfectly natural way they cleanse, regulate and purify the whole system and restore that Brightness, Energy and Perfect Fitness which can only come through perfect internal purity. Take Beecham's Pills TO-NIGHT—and feel better in the morning.

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Can you imagine more striking evidence of the value of this Maclean Brand Stomach Powder if you suffer from digestive trouble of any sort? But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder with the signature "ALEX O. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

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UNTIL a few weeks ago I thought, in my ignorance, that the

Colour Bar was a complex peculiar to the white savages of the Southern States of America, whose favourite sport is negro-lynching.

It has since been forced on me that not only does this utterly absurd prejudice exist in England, too, but also that it is so strong that it bars the doors of nearly every hotel in London, even against coloured members of our own Empire—men and women of our own nationality and who are natural-born British subjects.

This is how I came to find that out.

Being connected with a Trinidadian newspaper I was asked to find a comfortable hotel in London for the West Indian champion long-distance runner, M. A. Dookie, entered for the British Empire Games.

I never occurred to me that this would present the slightest difficulty, and I was amazed to learn from the Empire Games Committee that they were having difficulty in finding accommodation for other athletes from the West Indies on account of their colour.

Here was another sort of Empire game. And what a game it is!

The obvious thing to do seemed to me to apply to the West India Committee, who, I thought, would be sure to have a list of hotels with no such prejudices. But there, to my further amazement, I was told that they had already written to no fewer than seventy hotels asking whether they had any objection to taking in coloured people from the British Empire. Two replies were received, stating that they did object.

The West India Committee could not help me beyond giving me the names of two possibles, and the address of Dr. Moody, President of the League of Coloured Peoples, who, they said, might know of some others.

"We had the same difficulty in finding accommodation for the West Indies cricket team," they told me.

I telephoned the two hotels named by the Committee. At the first one the reception clerk hesitated when I mentioned West Indies, and asked me to hold the line while she conferred with the manager.

Then she replied, apologetically, "No, I'm sorry we can't take him." At the second one I asked for the manager straight away. There was no note of apology in the way he replied: "I can't have coloured men here. Wazat? No, not even Empire!"

If I had asked him to harbour a leper he could not have been more aggressive about it.

FEELING very annoyed, I telephoned Dr. Harold Moody and asked his advice and assistance. He gave me a list of five hotels which, he said, had taken coloured people before, though that was no guarantee that they would take them now.

Much depended on the country from which their guests came—if there were any Canadians, South Africans, or, worse still, Americans in the place they would be sure to refuse.

With this scant encouragement I returned to my seemingly hopeless quest

Where Danger Lurks . . .

DANGER lurks in the most unsuspected places—even in the comparative security of the home where a fused electric wire might burn down the house or steam pressure burst the strongest tank.

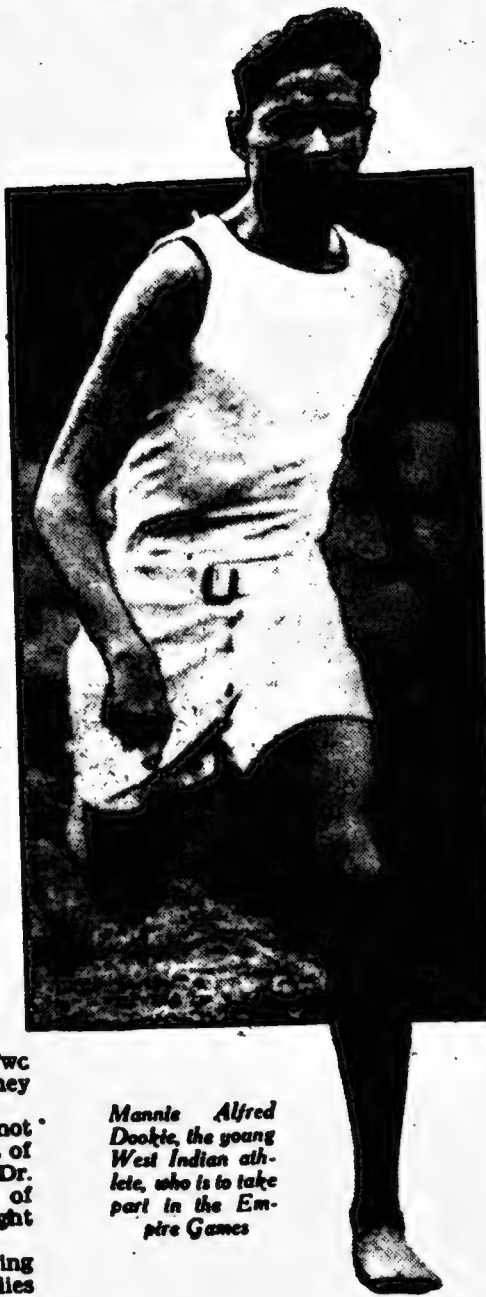
A Cardiff family found out the truth of that recently.

They were waiting while the daughter of the house completed the cooking in the kitchen.

Suddenly an explosion shook the house, followed by agonising groans.

Rushing in alarm to see what had happened, they found the little cook buried

Mannie Alfred Dookie, the young West Indian athlete, who is to take part in the Empire Games



of finding accommodation in the heart of the Empire for a champion British athlete.

I approached in all something like twenty hotels. Except for one, which was too expensive, I drew blank every time.

To my opening question: "Have you any objection to taking coloured guests from the British Empire in your hotel?" some receptionists were apologetic, some were indignant that I should have asked such a question, while others tersely replied, "Yes, we have!" and rang off. Sometimes the dialogue savoured of musical comedy.

One good lady, after a lot of humming and ha-ing, left me to confer at some length with the manager. When she came back after a time she said: "Well, it all depends where he comes from. Is he very dark?"

"One comes from Trinidad, but there might also be some from elsewhere in the West Indies. But I'm afraid they omitted to send us a colour-chart with their entry forms."

The sarcasm was quite lost on her. "Oh!" she said with an audible

shudder, "from the West Indies. Ye . . . es, they are very dark I feel sure. No, we really could not, I'm afraid."

Another manageress also wanted assurance about the precise shade before committing herself.

"Well," she said in a very cautious and condescending tone, "we might you know, if he is not too dark."

But by this time I, too, had become terse and indignant, and I replied very tartly that I could give no guarantee about shades, and rang off.

Thoroughly exasperated and not a little sickened by this feeble-minded pharisaism, I called up Dr. Moody again.

Fortunately he has a sense of humour, and he chuckled softly when I told him of some of the replies I had received. But there was a note of sadness in his voice when he said: "I am not surprised. I know what it is like from long and unpleasant experience."

HE gave me one more address—a boarding-house in Bloomsbury. And there, at last, I found accommodation, with no provisos as to shade or land of origin.

But I learned that this house was one of the rare exceptions—an experiment that was being made by a broadminded woman to see whether, after all, it was not possible to break down the colour bar.

It appears that it is not so much the boarding-house keepers as their guests who object. It has so often happened that on the arrival of a coloured man—no matter where he comes from—every other guest in the house has given notice and left immediately.

"We don't mind in the least," several of them told me. "But we have to safeguard our living. Any number of boarding-house keepers have been ruined through this colour prejudice."

What is still more amazing is that Empire athletes, whom one would expect to be sportsmen, should put up a colour bar among themselves.

I have been told that some members of teams from the Dominions have definitely refused to have coloured Empire athletes in the hotels where they are staying.

And I have seen for myself that few will fraternise with the coloured representatives from the Colonies. I understand that the South Africans refused to hold the Empire Games in their country if coloured men were to be invited to compete.

THIS antagonism towards the coloured members of the Empire is apparent even in English hospitals. Coloured women—many of them educated and beautiful—come here to learn nursing.

In some places they are refused admission for training. In others they are allowed to study for their diplomas—but they are not allowed to earn their living in the hospitals once they become qualified.

If my experience of the attitude of the London hospitals is typical, coloured doctors must find it next to impossible to get together a practice. For only last week I went to a big London hospital and asked them to recommend me a good doctor in my neighbourhood.

"There is only one we can recommend," I was told. "But he's coloured."

So of course you won't want him."

In France any member of the French colonies has exactly the same rights and status as a Paris-born Frenchman. He can become a Cabinet Minister even if he was first a coolie. He can even become President of the Republic. There are several coloured Deputies in the French Parliament.

But in London, the very heart of the Empire, of which we are so proud, they are treated as pariahs.

.. can you suggest a Cider Slogan?



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★ All you have to do is to write on a post-card what slogan, in your opinion, expresses the excellence of Bulmer's Woodpecker. Post to H. P. Bulmer & Co. Ltd., Dept. C5, Cider Makers, Hereford, so as to reach us not later than Aug. 14, 1934. No correspondence can be entered into and Mr. Bulmer's 50 awards must be regarded as final. Results will be published in "John Bull" on Aug. 25, 1934.

E. Bulmer



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Some cures are like a rocket—and the sales come down like the stick. But 'EASOFF' the public is finding good. And we're building up brick by brick.

The genuine chewing gum that relieves smoking easily. From Boots and many Chemists. Easoff (Pat. 242,242), 25, Broadwood, Bristol, 1.

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PILES

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Is that YOUR story? If so, take heart. Here is a way that has been proved will banish your trouble—for good! Read Mr. Forth's testimony.

"I have been a sufferer from Piles for years, and have tried all so-called cures, but none did any good except Germolene Ointment. Germolene has no equal. We are never without a tin, and I always tell my friends of its remarkable cures."—R. FORTH, Linden Cottages, Ribby, Stallingbro', Grimsby.

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ASEPTIC OINTMENT

Rash healed in two days—Eczema with 1 Tin—Ulcers and Bad Leg healed in One Week—that is what GERMOLENE has done for skin sufferers all over the country. For ANY skin trouble, get GERMOLENE!

THE KING Intervenes

PROBABLY there is no monarch in the world who is more beloved by his subjects than our own King, and at the same time none whose true personal character is so little known.

To many people it seems as if the King is for ever speaking words which have been put into his mouth by his Ministers, signing letters which have been written for him by his advisers, or performing actions which have been thought out and arranged by others to suit the exigencies of State.

They sometimes wonder exactly what the King would do on his own initiative if he had a free hand. They little guess that while he remains strictly non-political and never exercises the power of the Throne to push his own personal views, he nevertheless has often intervened in moments of crisis, or to assist one or other of his subjects, though only a few of such kind deeds have ever come to light.

Not long ago a sailor retired with a pension after long and honourable service. There was only one blot on his record; yet but for the King this single slip might have wrecked his career in the Navy.

A fresh start

At the very beginning of his term of service this sailor got out of hand and was sentenced by court martial. Luckily for him, it so happened that he was put aboard the gunboat *Thrush* to be taken off to a naval prison to serve his sentence, and the commander of the *Thrush* was the King, at that time Prince George.

Immediately the Prince's sympathies were aroused. He had a talk with the culprit and realised that he was not at all criminally inclined, but just a devil-may-care sailor who had slipped up.

As soon as he was released from prison the Prince asked for him to be transferred to the *Thrush*. He gave him a clean sheet and a fresh start. Finally, he gave him a pound out of his own pocket and sent him ashore on short leave. From that moment the sailor turned over a new leaf and never looked back.

The King always has the tenderest corner in his heart for anyone who has got into trouble. Sometimes when an appeal against a court martial is made to him he makes particular enquiries on his own account, and if there are any extenuating circumstances the sentence may be set aside.

"Caravan Bishop" saved

There was little Florrie Stilton, too, who was looking after her seven brothers and sisters while her mother was ill, and whose father was prosecuted for keeping her away from school. Her case came before the King personally, and no doubt he intervened, for soon afterwards the Board of Education relented.

Only a few weeks ago the King came to the rescue of the fifty-eight-year-old Pastor Alfred Harris, who is known as the "Caravan Bishop." The Wallasey Corporation intended to eject the old man from his six-roomed bungalow and demolish it. When the King got to hear



"He has often intervened to assist one or other of his subjects, though only a few of such kind deeds have come to light"

of this, he at once communicated with Sir Hilton Young, the Minister of Health, with the result that Pastor Harris was allowed to stay on in peace.

Rather an amusing incident which at the same time shows the innate kindness of the King occurred aboard the royal yacht *Britannia*.

A Press photographer had come aboard to take a series of photographs of the yacht in full sail. Mistaking him for one of the crew, the King issued a series of sharp orders to him, and before he quite knew what was happening the unfortunate photographer found himself skipping about the deck, hauling on ropes, making them fast, and so forth, while the King reproved him sharply for his awkwardness.

Later, when the King discovered the mistake he had made, he did all he could to make up for it. He sent the photographer an apology and a special invitation to come aboard again and take more photographs.

In previous reigns the Household Troops have had to endure various hardships under the rigid military customs which had come down from harsher days. But King George has changed all this.

Early on in his reign he made en-

quiries from Gold Stick and found that a royal visit to Manchester had cost each trooper several pounds and put him to great discomfort. It had rained hard all the time, but ceremonial discipline had forbidden the royal escort to "cloak." The cloaks were merely rolled and placed on the front arch of the saddles. The result was every man ruined a scarlet tunic which he had to pay for out of his own pocket, and he also had to pay for his cuirass to be re-burnished in Birmingham.

Hearing this, the King at once gave orders that the military custom was to be dropped. He is so considerate towards his troops that more than once his carriage procession to a royal levee at St. James's has been cancelled because of bad weather.

He is just as sympathetic towards his infantry. In former days the infantrymen for guards of honour were dragged from their beds long before daylight, chased on parade at dawn by swearing sergeant-majors and kept shivering for hours by the roadside on empty stomachs.

The King has changed all this, and not a man there is who is not grateful. Among the Household Troops he is affectionately known as "The Old Gentleman."

Often one reads of some gift which the King has made to some society or individual, and in many a case it is not just a formal present but the result of the King's own kindly solicitude and generosity.

Early this year a man called Leslie White, who at one time had practised as a solicitor in Gray's Inn Road, was arrested in Paris on a charge of fraud. It was found that he had fraudulently converted a number of cheques. Among them was a cheque from the King made payable to a Mr. A. E. Minton.

The King's cheque

Mr. Minton, an actor, had applied for a pension from King George's Fund, and the King, touched by his straits, had sent him a cheque on his own account as a personal gift. Having no banking account, Minton gave the cheque to White to cash for him, and soon afterwards White disappeared.

Last year there was a serious motor accident just outside Buckingham Palace in which two men, F. Hills and Fred Squibb, were badly injured. While they were in St. George's Hospital they were touched to receive a box of cigarettes from the King with a card written by himself.

"The Greatest of These—"

A Sad Story

MUCH trouble has come to Queenie's mother, who was compelled to leave her husband some ten months ago on account of his cruelty to herself and the children.

The prop of the family is the eldest daughter, who is eighteen, and brings home 15s. a week.

Queenie is twelve years old, and there is a little boy aged six, who is suffering from heart and nerve trouble. He is now in a convalescent home, but his mother expects him home shortly.

She was in great distress when she approached us, because the hospital authorities told her that when her boy returns home he must have a bed to himself. Unless kept very quiet, his illness is liable to bring on fits.

With a hard struggle, she managed to pay all but 25s off the bed, but out of her daughter's earnings and the relief granted she could not find this sum, and until paid for the bed could not be procured for her little son.

Queenie should undergo an operation



Queenie

breadwinner, who is very kind to our and the little brother, we appeal to our readers, confident that they will give a helping hand, by sending donations marked "Queenie," which, as well as subscriptions for the general fund, should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, John Bull War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

for tonsillitis, but the doctor said she is not strong enough. Her mother has worked very hard during many periods of her troubled life, but she is now attending hospital and is unfit for work.

Because we think highly of Queenie's mother, and of her eldest sister,



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treat me. As for that palace of a new factory near Nottingham, one of my mates tells me it's the best view he gets on his bit of line—reminds him of home with Boots round the corner . . ." Next time the doctor gives you a prescription . . .

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COMPANY MEETING.

FURNESS, WITHEY & CO., Ltd.

Lord Esmond on the Shipping Outlook.

The annual general meeting of Furness, Withy and Co., Ltd., was held on July 25th, at Furness House, London, E.C.

The Lord Esmond, who presided, said: It was with great regret that the directors had decided not to recommend the payment of any dividend on the ordinary share capital, more particularly as this was the first occasion for more than forty years on which they had failed to do so, a record of which they had been most proud. At the same time, it was in the interests of the shareholders themselves that the company's resources should be conserved, as the long-looked-for improvement in the shipping industry had not yet materialised and the outlook remained uncertain. Their past record was the last possible justification of the conservative policy they had always pursued and of which shareholders had had the benefit, but obviously such benefits could not continue indefinitely in the face of continued severe depression.

The profit for the year was £378,164, compared with last year's figure of £379,674. Their subsidiary and associated companies had contributed substantially to their profits, and on the whole had emerged from a difficult year with reasonably satisfactory results. The Pacific trade to the United Kingdom had been disappointing. They had upwards of £2,000,000 capital employed in that trade in ships specially built for the service and partly owned by the company and by a subsidiary.

It was common knowledge that a section of the shipping industry had been compelled to seek assistance from the Government. The President of the Board of Trade had announced the Government's intention to set aside a sum of £2,000,000 primarily for the assistance of the tramp section of the industry for one year, and that it was to be used as a defence fund against subsidised competition. The industry was appreciative of this help.

Cargo and passenger liners were suffering from very intense foreign subsidised competition, and shareholders in shipping companies had very painful knowledge of the extremely difficult conditions under which they had laboured during the past few years.

Shareholders would not wonder that the outlook for international trade remained uncertain. Possibly they were facing the darkest hour before the dawn, but there were unmistakable signs that the chief maritime nations were seeking means of improving matters. The report was adopted.

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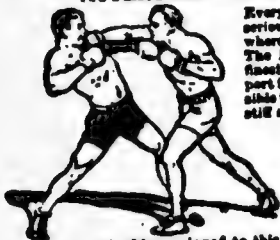
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GET PBLADES LAST LONGER



ONCE again history is being made on Tower Hill—that famous site which has witnessed so many and varied phases of England's story. But it is a different happening now from much of that which once made this spot the most sinister hill in Britain.

Where once the heads of martyrs or criminals rolled from the block into the sand will now be made a pleasure for the people of East London and of workers from surrounding office buildings. Where Sir Thomas More and Archbishop Laud met their deaths by the executioner's axe will arise a park where thousands may gain rest and refreshment after the day's toil.

Such is to be the fulfilment of plans for the restoration to the people of the beauty of Tower Hill and of its common land.

Already a beginning has been made in the transformation of Tower Hill—crowned by its famous royal Tower—into a place of recreation.

A few days ago, the stretch of the Thames foreshore below Tower Wharf was declared open for children who desired to play upon its shingle and sandy beach, and to paddle in the waters of the Thames.

Where once the doomed victims, accompanied by the steady tramp of men-at-arms, marched through the Martyr's Gate to their death, the merry cries of youngsters now echo. Yet, until recently, it was forbidden to trespass here, and, a couple of hundred years ago, it meant death to the person who set foot upon that strand.

The opening of the foreshore to the public, however, is but one step in a series of contemplated changes which will transform Tower Hill into one of London's most imposing and beautiful open spaces.

Tower Hill regained—such is the motto of a number of people who have banded together to support a plan for the making over of the Hill. For once, it appears, it was accessible to the people—a great open space, commanding long vistas. And it is these ancient privileges which will be regained. Among those who sponsor the plans of the Council for the Tower Hill Improvement are Lord Wakefield, Lord Ashfield, and the Rev. P. B. Clayton, of Toc H fame, who was the originator of the Tower Hill scheme. The Prince of Wales is patron of the Council.

Where the lawns are . .

But not all the "ancient glories" of Tower Hill are to be revived—if among them we include the executions for which that fair spot for centuries enjoyed sinister fame.

Where now are the well-tended lawns of Trinity Square gardens once arose the grim bulk of the scaffold. According to authoritative accounts, between 1388 and 1780, 112 persons were executed on Tower Hill for various offences ranging from high treason to coin-clipping.

It is true, however, that most of the executions were repressive, were of persons whose political or religious faith differed from that of the ruler of the time.

Perhaps, therefore, it is fitting that this spot—where so many daring

1918 STILL GOING STRONG

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So writes Mr. H. F. Corley, of Witham, Essex. His letter is typical of thousands that are constantly being received by JOHN BULL. Get one of these wonderful JOHN BULL Fountain Pens for yourself. You can do so and at the same time save money by cashing JOHN BULL Pen coupons. Turn to page 36 immediately.



The Bishop of London opens the Tower beach for the kiddies

Most Sinister HILL in Britain

tongues were silenced—should, in our own democratic day, have become a free-and-easy parliament of the masses. For Tower Hill—particularly at the lunch hour—is one of London's centres for popular oratory, rivalling Hyde Park, Victoria Park and similar tribunals.

The greatest massing of men at this historic spot was probably during the great Dock Strike of 1889—the strike which saw the birth of modern trade unionism—when thousands of dock strikers, led by John Burns, Ben Tillett and Tom Mann, would gather to hear reports and decide further action.

From then on, the flat raised expanse in front of that hideous erection on the western side of the Hill, the Myer's Warehouse—which it is hoped will now be replaced by a public garden—has been a place for oratory and discussion. Many whose names are now famous made their first tentative essays at public speaking in this spot. And, whatever changes may be wrought in the future, we may feel assured that there will be no restriction of this Tower Hill tradition of free speech.

Hidden history

This garden would provide a welcome additional amenity for lunch-hour workers from neighbouring offices.

On the eastern side changes are also imperative. It was here that the wall ran of Roman London, and the city wall of mediæval times. Part of that ancient wall, first built 800 years before the Tower was built, and then rebuilt 200 years later, still stands—hidden away from public view by warehouses.

It is almost incredible that a portion of the ancient London Wall—a construction of incalculable historical value—should be concealed, enclosed by build-

ings of no historical or architectural importance whatever.

Yet such is the case. But our historical conscience is more sensitive than heretofore. For these obstructive buildings—out of date and partly untenanted—are being purchased with the object of their demolition.

When pulled down, a new garden will take their place, upon the eastern side of the Hill—fitting balance to the new green stretch upon the western flank.

Now the vision of the new Tower Hill begins to take form in our minds. The great Tower itself, with its moat around it—where now bands play and where, when they play, the public may

enter—and the Tower gardens which encircle it.

Then, Trinity Square gardens, standing before Trinity House—that neat sedate pile—and flanked by the majestic structure of the Port of London Authority. It is to be hoped that these gardens will be opened to the public. In the daytime they are almost always empty—and such green spaces are valuable. At present access is only available by payment of a guinea per year to the Trustees—a condition

obviously beyond fulfilment by many of the working people who live in the East End areas near by.

An additional improvement suggested is the demolition of certain buildings beyond London Wall, to permit the provision of a large garage and car park to accommodate the huge charabanc and motor-coach traffic—during the season scores of these arrive daily with their loads of tourists and visitors—and other vehicles, which now clutter up Trinity Square.

A noble square

Some severe critics have remarked that only the English would so callously permit the view of one of the world's noblest sites to be so spoiled by mean and ugly buildings. And Tower Hill, as it stands at present, would suggest that there is some justice in such strictures.

But the plans for the new Tower Hill reveal a different scene. Stately avenues, a series of gardens, with flowers and trees. Bounded on the one side by the Thames, and upon the others by splendid buildings or far vistas, and by the historic Wall.

It will be a noble square indeed, then, worthy of our national traditions, and a fitting goal for the thousands of visitors, British and foreign, who come to view this, one of the most historic spots in the Empire, across which the pageant of England has passed throughout the centuries.

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THE CENTRAL SOMERSET GAZETTE:—"... Considered the possible danger to children and bathers generally who used the old JELLY."

THE KING'S PARK JOURNAL:—"An ear-trumpet used by dead people is only a form of stethoscope."

ABERDEEN EVENING EXPRESS:—"There had been numerous complaints by tenants about damage done by uncontrolled dogs and HATS."

EVENING SENTINEL:—"Mrs. James Roosevelt MOTHER OF THE UNITED STATES."

PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS:—"Along the Atlantic seaboard it is hotter than ever."

WESTERN DAILY PRESS:—"It is NOT for me to be censorious," added the judge."

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In the above Competition, solutions containing one error were received from the following two competitors, who share the £3,750 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £1,875 will be sent.

S. M. Faulks, 143, Church Hill Road, Handsworth, Birmingham.

D. Marsh, 78, Arlington Road, Brixton, S.W.2

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, August 14, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solution and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull".

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £300 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 64 competitors from whom we received solutions containing two errors and who will each receive £7 10s. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" office and all have been notified.

In addition to the above awards, the two competitors who share the First Prize and the 64 competitors who share the Runners-up Prize will each receive a Holiday Bonus of 5 Free Return Tickets from winner's home to any holiday resort or other part of the British Isles.

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SEND FOR LONG ODDS PRICE LIST

Daily Commissions bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race WILL BE ON at FULL STARTING PRICE (or Totalisator Odds if desired).

Registered letters must be posted every night.

Commissions accepted for all GREYHOUND RACING MEETINGS licensed by the N.G.R.C.

FIXED PRICE FOOTBALL LISTS

The Famous 'CHALLENGER' LISTS are devoted entirely to Fixed Prices—the best possible consistent with our guarantee of payment in full.

NOTHING BARRED * NOTHING STARRED

—USE THIS FORM—

Please send Fixed Price Football Lists and Greyhound Racing Rules. I am over 21 years of age.

Name
Address
Town
County J.B.

DAVID COPE
& ALFRED H MAURICE
127, BATH STREET, GLASGOW C.2

My Hint for a WEEK of KINDNESS



A typical seaside scene

AVOID making unnecessary noise. How much do we suffer in our nerve-racked generation from the slamming of doors in hotels late at night, the unnecessary hooting of motor-horns, the thoughtless blaring of gramophone and loud-speakers, and the unchecked barking of dogs?

Even the poorest of us, by the exercise of a little thought in this respect, may show true kindness to our neighbours, and especially to invalids and elderly people. —"Grandpa," Blackburn.

Other Channels

Among our acquaintances there must be many who are handicapped in some small way—squeaky voice, cross eyes; perhaps a stammer or a roofless mouth.

Sometimes humorously sometimes, alas! spitefully, we remind them of the defects of which they are all too conscious.

During Kindness Week let us turn our waggishness into other channels, carefully refraining from hurting feelings rendered so easy to hurt by even slight infirmities. —T. C., Brighton.

Positions Reversed

I suggest that every person who has been in full work twelve months or more to live for one week on what they would receive as unemployment pay if they were out of work.

With the remainder they could supplement some out-of-work's "dole" for that one week. Thus the position would be reversed—the worker living on the "dole" and the workless receiving a week's wage.

Could there be anything more brotherly than this? —"Full-Work," Hampshire.

Write Home

Why not a week of letter writing; long, affectionate letters of remembrance to friends and relations we have so neglected during the year?

It is not enough to send a few scribbled lines, showing plainly we begrudge the time; how they would appreciate a long, unhurried letter, so rare in these days of foolish bustle.

How many parents would treasure above all things a long, long letter of love, that has taken up much time of some "very busy" son or daughter? —T. K., Hastings.

Tolerance

There are probably thousands of young women in this country who, in the eyes of their mother-in-law are "not good enough." The consequent mutual animosity causes endless dissension between

the two families. Kindness Week will provide an opportunity for both parties to try to be content with something short of perfection. The wife should allow for a mother's jealous love; the mother should try to realise the absurdity of quarrelling for no better reason than that they both love the same person.

A little tolerance, and the new feeling will endure, during the week and beyond it. —T. R., Sussex.

"Number, Please!"

When you take off your telephone receiver during the National Week of Kindness try to spare a gentle thought for the operator at the other end of your line.

Don't think she's fair game for swearing at, just because all you know of her is "Number, please!" You are probably extremely polite to shop assistants, but you display your worst temper to the phone girl.

And, anyway, she's doing her best. Numbers are sometimes really unobtainable and engaged. Give your friend the phone girl a break—even if it's only for a week! —"Operator," Swansea.

Remove Notices

For one week let us remove those "No hawkers or canvassers" notices from our gates. Their phrasology is as curt as their purpose is unkind.

No one invites the snubs of housewives

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., by first post Tuesday, August 7.

My Happiest Birthday Surprise

from motives of sheer pleasure, and the lot of the direct-to-user salesman is an unenviable one.

Time was when I was compelled to accept such work, and the first-hand knowledge I obtained of the unkindness of many housewives to casual callers filled me with lasting regrets that I too had once adorned my gate with such a notice. Common courtesy is due to all earning an honest living. —J. T., Handsworth.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Bank Holiday Winners

AUGUST Bank Holiday is a pleasant period for the punter. He can follow his favourite pastime at Sandown Park, Birmingham, Ripon, Chepstow, Northolt, or down at Newton Abbot.

The last-mentioned fixture, by the way, reintroduces the jolly jumpers.

The man who does not leap with joy at the thought of the holiday is the "inside" racing journalist. Dealing with results from all over the country as the tape-machines tap them out takes years off his life. I speak feelingly. I've had a dose!

Juveniles are featured at the Sandown meeting, the chief prize being the Holiday Two-Year-Old Plate. Finding the winner of this event would pay for the holiday exes. My choice is the Aga Khan's Vermell II. If he is absent, Ayr may score for Jack Jarvis.

Sprinters are catered for in the Lubbock Handicap Stakes, a five furlongs affair.

The Divot is a top-notch, but he may have too much to do. I suggest taking a chance with Acquire. The Holiday Plate, for three-year-olds, is the feature of the

Birmingham card. Lost Soul, a daughter of the brilliant Solario, may be equal to winning this event.

I very much liked the way she won at Newmarket.

The chief prize at Ripon, the Great St. Wilfrid Handicap, I leave to Lincrusta. Mr. Morris, who owns the four-year-old, is sweet on this one's chance in the Cesarewitch.

At A.P. this week-end it may be worth while to make a note of Golden Earl, Rasta and Strela.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, August 2, to Wednesday, August 8.

T P O A Q C 93 B 94 M P U X Z B 98 95 G S K H J I 95 E D V Y 97 L W N

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the Sporting Life and Daily Herald read those above or below.

GZKD9498J8 would read FLAMENCO.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. R94Z29398F96898 would read WELLINGTON.

Another Honeymoon

The wife of the working man has a monotonous time. Week in and week out she endures the same old drudgery, the same old washing day, the same steep stairs, the same drab street, and the same drab "old man."

Come on fellow husbands! Act while the weather is still sunny, let us give "mum" a week of kindness; let us drop the club or "pub" pals for a week and give the patient old sweetheart a first-class holiday in the country or at the seaside.

In short, give her another honeymoon, and don't grouse at her—for one week! —"Silver Wedding," Plumstead.

Be Moderate

Let us be kinder to ourselves for a week. Treat our digestion with more respect; give ourselves adequate sleep. Don't let laziness rob us of a full and proper exercise of the mind and body, and above all, be moderate in all things.

Curb that hasty temper; cultivate a "clean-lips" habit; be introspective and cast out all bad habits and weaknesses.

Thus shall we find the best in ourselves. And this will constitute a kindness to all those with whom we come in contact. —W. A. S., Northants.

Remove the Ban

Let every seaside landlady who has a ban against children remove it for a week. Let every landowner throw open his woods and fields so that the miles might play in healthy surroundings.

Everyone could give a donation to a children's protection society and all those who hate children could try and understand the child mind. Kindness to children for a week would be a blessing to millions of parents. —A. R., Sheffield.

A Friendly Word

We English find it difficult to make easy contact with strangers. I propose that for a week we break through our reserve.

In our comings and goings, in train or tram, picture gallery or cinema queue, try the effect of a friendly word on the other fellow. In nine cases out of ten that will be all that is required to cause many a pleasant interlude in our daily lives.

And why worry if the odd man stays odd? He's an egoist, and would not make a pleasant companion. —S. F. B., Bedford.

Less Stick

As a schoolmaster I give a hint to my many, thousands of colleagues. I believe there is still too much cane, although it is forbidden by many authorities, so for one week keep the stick on top of the cupboard.

Try it, just for one week. It's kinder, better; children will grow better. And that's the real object of education. —"Headmaster," Glam.

* * * Forget there is such a loophole as "Can't be bothered." Many kindnesses are left undone because people won't go out of their way to do a kindly action or say a sympathetic word. —"Do It," Notts.



Children clamour for Kellogg's

Children thrive best on food they like. So let them have Kellogg's Corn Flakes for breakfast, after school, or at bed-

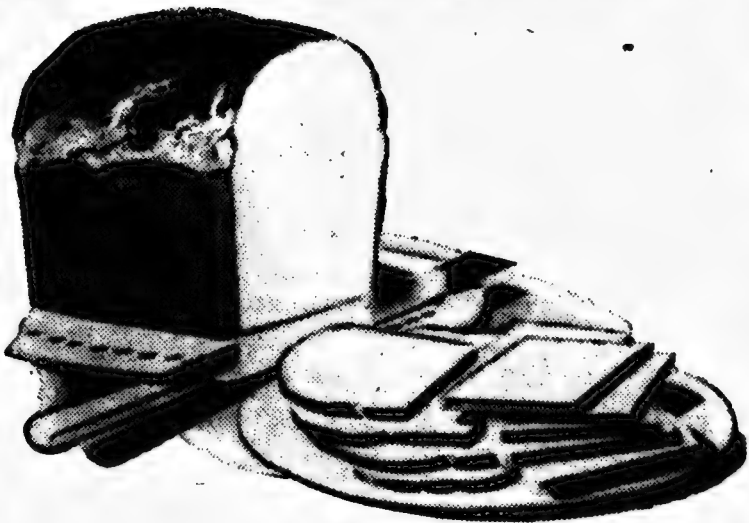
time. They're so light and easily digested and contain the very nourishment children need. And their crisp freshness cannot be equalled.

Serve Kellogg's with cold milk or cream, and honey or fruit added—straight from the red-and-green packet. No cooking and most economical. A 6½d. packet provides ten heaped platefuls.

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

Made by KELLOGG in LONDON, CANADA
6½d. per packet. Irish Free State excepted.

475



You get more nourishment from a slice of BREAD than from any other food at an equal cost. Think of this at meal-times—particularly at breakfast. Toasted, BREAD is as delicious as any cooked cereal—and *much cheaper*. It tastes good, does you good and saves you money.

Eat an extra slice of

bread

at every meal

ISSUED BY THE MILLERS' MUTUAL ASSOCIATION C.F.H. 103

FRESH TOBACCO THE AIM OF EVERY SMOKER'S 'BOWL'



TO get the utmost enjoyment from your pipe insist on **Bondman Tobacco**. Bondman is always smooth, cool, fragrant and mellow. Every ounce is sealed in a **Vacuum Tin** for lasting freshness. Open a tin of Bondman to-day, or next month—it makes no difference!... Bondman will be in the same rich matured condition as when it left the factory!

LLOYD'S

BONDMAN

A BLEND OF
COLONIAL &
VIRGINIAN
TOBACCOS

10d
PER OZ.



RICH
RUDDY
VIRGINIA

11½d
PER OZ.

PACKED IN VACUUM TINS

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.), 83, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1

JOHN BULL'S STILL BIGGER X-WORD HOLIDAY OFFER!

£6 MONTHLY LIFE PENSION **£350** **£50** HOLIDAY CHEQUE
OR INCREASED LUMP SUM OF £650

£150 FINE HOLIDAY PRIZE for RUNNERS-UP



£100 BONUS AWARD FOR RUNNERS-UP FROM WHOM WE RECEIVE TWO 6P ENTRIES IN SAME ENVELOPE

TO-DAY our list of Holiday Prizes is increased, and now an income of 86 monthly for life can be yours for solving the interesting puzzle provided this week. In addition to that Life Pension, "John Bull" will pay an increased sum of £350 cash, with a Holiday Cheque for £50 to complete this splendid 3-in-1 award. For Runners-up, too, there is substantial Holiday Prize-money, for £250 cash is to be awarded between them as announced above. But despite this big array of cash, you have one week only to make your entry. Get busy this evening on the absorbing problem prepared for you by our ingenious Compiler, see that your entry is in by noon, Thursday, August 9, and a thrilling First Prize telegram may come for you on August 16!

FREE HELP FOR X-WORD ENTRANTS

Send Postcard for free copy of "John Bull's" Crossword Gazette. Address: Gazette Dept., 37, Bedford Street, W.C.2, or register for 12 weeks' supply on Coupon on "Bullets" page.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 270—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1934



J B 270

J B 270

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value..... No..... Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 270—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1934



J B 270

J B 270

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value..... No..... Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

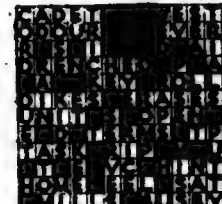
SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

ADDRESS ENTRY "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 270, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Solutions of "John Bull" X-Word Nos. 267 and 268.

Winners in Crossword No. 267 appear on page 30. Winners in Crossword No. 268 will be published next week. The solutions of "John Bull" Crosswords Nos. 267 and 268 are given here with as a matter of interest to our Crossword Competitors. We wish to emphasize that no claims are required, as all entries are carefully examined by our staff.



STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Nonsense!
7. Hang about
8. She lays the eggs
9. Where gardens tools are kept
12. Termination
14. Nasty
16. Belonging to him
19. Not temporarily
21. Has water surrounding it
22. More secure
26. A fight often ends in this
30. Enables you to hear
31. Water companies sometimes do this
32. Birds get good ones in many gardens
33. Part of the verb "to be"

DOWN

1. Demon appears in, at pantomime
2. His suit is often uncomfortable
3. Putting this before wicket is risky
4. Made a mistake
5. You often hear it from schoolboys
6. Sharp
10. If you're in a bad one you're uncomfortable
11. Essential oils are sold in these
13. Friendly one is the better
15. Dustman collects these with rubbish
17. Some of our actors go to Hollywood to do this
18. Describes some women's hair
19. Holding yours means avoiding useless talk
20. Sort of hat she loves
23. Gardening expert must understand these
24. Seams of this are hidden from sight
25. Difficult
27. Is worn with a collar
28. Poet's contraction of "it is"
29. The work of this is often against the grain

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1. Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copy-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE, for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /s/ Co.; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, August 9.
- 2.—In addition to the two shilling entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENCE ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid and no correspondence will be entered into.
- 3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 23, 1934. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, September 4, 1934, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £150 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.
- 4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared £650 cash will be paid instead of the three-in-one award.
- 5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.
- 6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.
- 7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

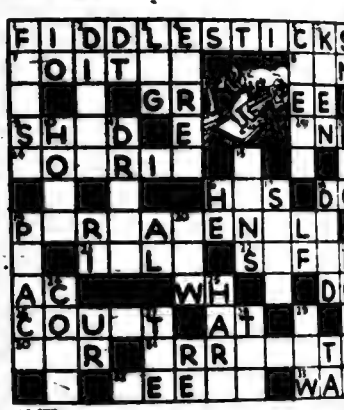
"JOHN BULL" will pay a Life Pension of £6 a month, £350 Cash and a Holiday Cheque of £50 (or a lump sum of £650) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle on this page. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution.

An increased Holiday Prize of £150 will be divided between those competitors whose squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution.

An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope.

Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 16, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 23.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW. These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.



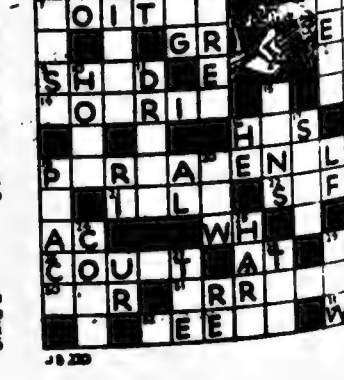
J B 270



J B 270

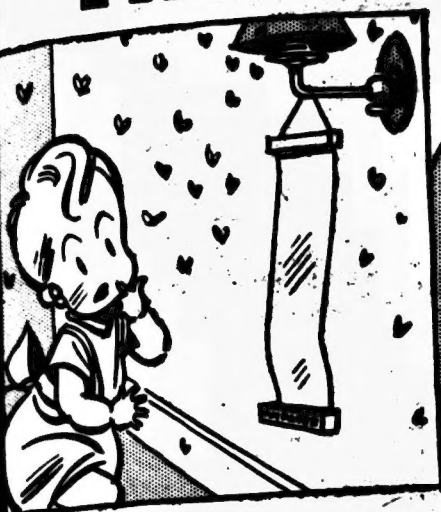


J B 270



J B 270

The Editor Laughs Last



The KID

IF you are troubled by any matter, except, of course, of a medical nature, you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

PROFESSOR (Ullswater).—"Brains don't always descend from father to son." But slippers sometimes do.

H. F. (Isleworth).—"Some people make a very large income from playing bridge." It's their calling.

DOCTOR (Harley Street).—"A cough ought to be attended to straight away." We wish you would make some of those post office assistants realise this.

DETECTIVE (Purley).—"The net closes round these criminals inch by inch." We always thought it was done by the Yard.

Mrs. W. (Musselburgh).—"When a boy gets his trousers covered with mud, beat them with a stick." After that, remove the boy and pack him straight off to bed.

PHYSICIAN (Harley Street).—"I have reason to believe that my friend, a throat specialist, is fed up with his profession." Why, is he looking down in the mouth?

PIERROT (Isle of Man).—"I didn't feel comfortable on the piece of beach to which our party was allotted." And could you not get the right concert pitch?

H. E. (Dover).—"My evidence is the photograph, and it depends upon the successful developing of the negative." Then you will have positive proof.

T. R. (Manchester).—"All the dresses belonging to a revue chorus were destroyed by fire in one of our theatres last week." It must have been a delicate little blaze.

HENRY (Smethwick).—"I am a hero in my own home." Until the visitors leave?

YOUNG WRITER (Leeds).—"I yearn to put things into the printed page." Why not open a fried fish shop?

C. Y. (Rugby).—"Are you in favour of the decimal system?" Well, it has its points.

Hiker (Clapham).—"There is nothing more alluring than the open road."...



... We always stop and watch, too.

T. R. A. (Brighton).—"Some people use their cars to drive visitors home." Others use the radio.

A. B. (Cheltenham).—"Will you advise me what best to do, for my neighbour has threatened me with an axe?" Bury the hatchet!

N. C. (Barrow).—"The modern girl is much calmer than her grandmother." There's certainly less bustle about her.

B. N. (Doncaster).—"Do you consider that golf is a rich man's game?" No, one sees lots of very poor players.

CHEF (Newcastle).—"Some women bake and roast at home." Others go out when the weather is hot.

T. D. (Hampstead).—"A London 'bus can now be overhauled in an hour." Maybe; but we always give up the chase after the first desperate sprint.

F. A. M. (Utttoxeter).—"Many a man has suffered financially through going bald." And many more have gone bald through suffering financially.

Miss J. (Edinburgh).—"A laundry-prepper who left to go on the stage has returned to her old job." Back to the fold.

"THEATRICAL" (Liverpool).—"Dress rehearsals will soon be unnecessary." We didn't know costumes had become so scanty as that.

E. S. (Blackpool).—"The people on the promenade sprang to their feet as I passed." So you did not collect many twopences for your chairs that time?

GARDENER (Birmingham).—"The plant-life of weeds is every bit as beautiful as that of flowers." Yes, we have decided to let ours grow, too.

ANNOYED (Deptford).—"Because I work a concrete machine I am continually snubbed by my neighbours." Yet you ought to be able to mix well.

L. B. (I.O.W.).—"What is the inevitable result when a man is not allowed to follow his bent?" Straightened circumstances.

J. M. Mc (Aberdeen).—"My one ambition is to see London." If yours is the best *Bullet* entered this week you can see it through the eyes of a millionaire at JOHN BULL's expense. See page 35.

W. B. (Falkirk).—"During a baseball game in Mexico one of the players, for a supposed insult, killed an opponent with the ball." That was baseball with a vengeance!

H. R. (Sheffield).—"I have written several plays, but I shall never allow them to be produced." We wish that one of two authors we know would follow your example.

F. H. (Harrow).—"When I found a purse containing £48 I was rewarded with a penny and a bar of chocolate." A penny only, of course, would have savoured of meanness.

GROAKER (Wigan).—"I suffer so much from toothache that I often wish I had been born without teeth." And if you enquire into the matter you will find you were.

F. A. (Clifton).—"I paid a short visit to my friend's home and, as soon as I arrived, she started quarrelling furiously with her husband." Directly you dropped in they fell out.

TRAVELLER (Park Lane).—"In parts of Nigeria it rains from now until September without a stop." We understand the local weather forecasters are amazingly reliable.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

ECZEMA COVERED CHILD'S HEAD

Made Awful Raw Patches.
Healed by Cuticura.

"My son, aged eleven, had a very bad head caused by eczema. All his head was covered with weeping sore eruptions that made awful raw patches over the whole of his head. No matter what we used, other places appeared. The itching must have been awful as he could not sleep at night for rubbing."

"I saw an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. After the first application I saw a change so I purchased more, and after using for about three months he was completely healed." (Signed) Mrs. A. Knapper, 140 Vivian Rd., Fenton, Staffs., Eng.

Use Cuticura to clear your skin.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: Newbery & Phillips Ltd., 21, Bazaar St., London, E.C. 1.

Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

INTENSE NERVOUS PROSTRATION

Mrs. Whetnall, 27, Turnerson St., off New Park Rd., Salford, writes:—"I never picked up after a very bad confinement. I was in this state for two years and used to cry if anybody looked at me. My husband thought I was losing my reason and asked me to try Vitadatio. I took three bottles and began to feel better. I then went to Wales and took two bottles with me and when I came back people could not believe it was me. I looked wonderful and felt it. I would back Vitadatio against anything for lasting benefit."

Vitadatio

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Stomach Complaints, and many Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, most Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra in U.K. Special 21/- bottles for export, post free from VITADATIO, No. 121 ARMLEY, LEEDS.

Don't overlook the Bargains on p. 12

Info. for all who shave.

The perfect blade in the making.

Those men who used the open type razor invariably rested it a day after shaving. The fortunate ones had a set of seven, labelled from Monday to Sunday. This was not done as a fad, but because years of experience had taught them that the cutting edge of the razor did really recover its keenness if it was rested for a week or only a few days. This peculiar characteristic of the open type razor is carried on in the wafer type safety razor. The cutting edge does recover its keenness if rested, hence the Stead Weekly Walet.

Know the meaning of true shaving comfort—Use

STEAD
RAZOR BLADES

from the
STEAD WALLET.
7 Blades for 6d.

Buy your weekly walet on the way home.

Boots, Taylor's Drug Stores, W. H. Smith & Son's Bookstalls and all good Dealers and Chemists stock them.



Will you allow me
to send you
FREE OF CHARGE
FULL PARTICULARS HOW
YOU CAN RID YOURSELF OF

CATARRH

**HAY FEVER, HEAD NOISES,
CATARRHAL DEAFNESS**

I AM in the fortunate position of being able to ensure immediate RELIEF and speedy COMPLETE IMMUNITY to sufferers from Catarrh in all its troublesome and unpleasant forms by means of a new scientific yet simple, inexpensive and effective home treatment which is so sure that unless successful there is nothing to pay.

This is a strong claim, but it is absolutely true so far as Catarrh, Head Noises, Catarrhal Deafness, Hay Fever, Colds, Coughs and Indigestion are concerned.

To all who send the Form below, without any obligation whatsoever upon the recipient, I will forward particulars of my offer to eradicate the trouble entirely from the system under a legally binding Guarantee which assures the

sufferer that unless complete satisfaction is obtained it shall cost nothing whatever.

I shall send FREE a specially informative leaflet on Catarrh in non-technical language, quoting a number of medical and other reports confirming that my method ensures

No more unpleasant mucus in the throat.

Nose congestion cleared. Sneezing, Snuffling and Constant Blowing ended.

Hearing completely restored.

Noises in head banished.

Freedom from Hay Fever, Coughs, Colds, and Unnatural Tiredness or Languor.

I therefore invite all who have any form of Catarrh to fill in and forward the coupon below without delay.

**IMPORTANT MEDICAL
APPROVAL OF NEW
DISCOVERY WHICH
"CANNOT FAIL"
TO DO GOOD**

Doctor internationally distinguished for
Biological Research Work reports:—

**HARLEY ST.
25/4/34.**

"From my experience of the treatment suggested by you for Catarrhal Conditions I am satisfied that it cannot fail to do good to all who faithfully follow the directions."

.....M.D., F.R.C.S.

(This Specialist's full report sent to all who forward the coupon on right.)

DETACH HERE

POST FOR
FULL PARTICULARS
HOW TO RID YOURSELF
OF CATARRH **FREE**

Please send FREE Particulars how I can rid myself of my Catarrh.

NAME

ADDRESS

Please Print
Clearly in
Block Capitals

I enclose 1½d. stamp for postage, etc. O.J.B., 4/8/34

76 MR. JOHN HOUBEN, DIRECTOR
MESSRS. HAMLYN & HOUBEN LTD
110 FLEET ST
LONDON EC4

New FACE POWDER SECRET

Gives "DULL FINISH"
to Greasiest Skin

This new discovery will give you a fresh, girlish loveliness no man can resist. Absolutely no trace of shine all day long, whatever you are doing.

The secret is a new process, patented by Poudre Tokalon, by which "Mousse of Cream" is blended with the finest triple silk-sifted powder. That is what makes Poudre Tokalon cling five times as long as all other powders. Even after a long evening's dancing in a hot room your complexion is as fresh and lovely as when you began.

The "Mousse of Cream" in Poudre Tokalon prevents it from drying up the natural oils of the skin like ordinary powders do, causing it to become rough and dry.

Stays on
5 times
as long.

If you would have a marvellous and fascinating complexion that will make you the admiration and envy of all your friends, get a box of Poudre Tokalon to-day. See for yourself how entirely different it is from all other powders, because "Mousse of Cream" is the exclusive secret of Tokalon. 6d. & 1/-.

FORTUNE MADE IN 30 MINUTES

£750 Winner's Chat with "John Bull" Man

AFTER a busy day's work with facts and figures at the Forestry Commission, Mr. W. E. Darvill came home to the flat in which he lives at 11, Oakland Road, Bristol. His wife was in bed with flu, so after putting his two small children to bed he sat down for half an hour with JOHN BULL.

Within that time he had made up his usual pair of *Bullets* for the week. And for one of them JOHN BULL has rewarded him with a £750 fortune and a splendid Portable Radio. This was his neat and forceful *Bullet*: WHEN WE WAKE UP—FEWER MOTHERS "FALLING ASLEEP."

"I rarely enter more than one coupon a week," this winner told a *Bullets* representative, "but I have been making *Bullets* ever since the war."

"I won a £2 10s. award nine years ago," Mr. Darvill recalled, "and a Christmas Cake three years back. Then, as the result of my war service with the 7th London Regiment, I was laid up with lung trouble which had gradually been getting worse. I restarted *Bullets* on my recovery, but all I had won previously this year was a single Target."

JOHN BULL's thrilling telegram of congratulation reached Mr. Darvill two days before the end of his holiday. "It has been a holiday at home," he related, "because various illnesses in the family have left us very hard up. We had one day at Weston-super-Mare, but the sea was too far out to reach!"

"Only the day before the wire arrived," he remarked, "my wife and I were saying that both the children needed new shoes. She makes all their clothes herself."

"Yes," put in Mrs. Darvill, "and I've knitted bathing costumes for them as well as one for myself!"

"And now you'll have a chance to use them," added her husband.

"Both children have been ill," he went on to explain, "and a holiday at the sea will do them all the good in the world."

Besides sending his wife and children away for a much-needed breath of sea air, Mr. Darvill has swept all his own worries away with those few simple words



He's on his feet again now

on a *Bullets* coupon. "This win will enable me to clear off what is owing," he said with satisfaction, "and have a good fund for the future."

Closely following this Civil Servant up the *Bullets* ladder came a bootmaker, Mr. H. V. Betts, who works in his brother's shop at 101, High Street, Ramsgate.

A consistent winner of small prizes, this veteran "Bulleter" scored by far the biggest win of his long career with the £50 Second Prize cheque he secured for the powerful effort: YOUR CHILD—GENEVA, OR YOUR CHILD—!

"I have entered almost since the birth of *Bullets*," Mr. Betts relates. "Although there have been gaps, especially when I was on active service in the war, I have stuck to it, feeling sure I would get there some day."

"Like most trades, we have had a pretty rough passage," admits Mr. Betts. "My savings have been sadly depleted, so this useful sum means more than cold print can tell. But my greatest reward came from my wife and kiddies' happy smiles."

"Sit down with the latest list of successful efforts and get the real *Bullets* atmosphere," is Mr. Betts' advice to would-be winners. "Then go ahead, with the determination that whatever goes wrong with the world you can turn out an effort worthy of a bumper prize!"

£1,250 CASH AWARDED THIS WEEK!
FIRST PRIZE, £600 AND £20 YEARLY HOLIDAY CHEQUE,
OR £750 CASH. COMPETITION No. 945.

Mr. L. CHAPPELL, 397, Rooley Lane, Bradford.

Example:—OUR MENU

Bullet:—Planned ACCORDING TO Work.

SECOND PRIZE £50:

Mr. V. LODGE, Low Bentham, near Lancaster.

Example: Blindness

Bullet: "Strike" Few—"Touches" Most.

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE £30:

Mr. W. MOUNT, 43, Crayford Road, Crayford, Kent.

Example: Holidays

Bullet: Restore "System"—Upset Routine.

OTHER PRIZES

£20: Miss D. WHITCAR, 40, Ellington Road, Ramsgate. Without Children—Story's About "Two Bears."

£10: J. AITKEN, 109, Main Street, Bridgeton, Glasgow. The Mischief-maker—"Hugging Herself"—Parted Lovers.

£15: A. OAKLEY, 31, Asquith Road, Ward End, Birmingham. The Mischief-maker—Breathes "Poison," Wears "Mask."

£17: A. J. COOKE, 109, Fordend Road, Bedford. Blindness—Reason Nations Like "Beggars."

£10: Miss S. FLORENCE, Rosemead, West Cross Lane Swansea. Parson's Wife—Wears Old-fashioned Smile, Too.

£15: S. BLOOR, 34, Mill Street, Ilkeston, Derby. On His Wedding-day—"Weighed" And Wanted Finding

2 OF £14 EACH:

A. BEAVIN, 68, Montrose Avenue, Welling, Kent. Into The Jaws Of Death—Rode War-monger—In Pageant!

L. J. FRAMPTON, 36, King's Avenue, Clapham Park, S.W. Magic Touch—"Window" Of The Blind.

2 OF £13 EACH:

A. BLEAKLEY, "Rathforker," Donegal, I.F.A. On The Honeymoon Cruise—Wishing Ship "Tied," Too.

W. HINDLE, 54, Revidge Road, Blackburn. Willy Bird—He Wily "Barred"—Money lender.

2 OF £12 EACH:

F. E. CARLYON, Hele, Taunton, Som. At "Sea View"—Daily Dip—Day Trip! (Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

T. W. MILLER, 9 Woodend, Sutton, Surrey. Into The Jaws Of Death—Bore Took Hours—Rushing

2 OF £11 EACH:

W. ATKINSON, 47, Well-lth Lane, Rochdale. He's A Slogger, So—Fly's Avoiding Grandpa's Head.

S. JACKSON, 33, Royal Crescent, London, W. Blindness—"I Love Him, See!"

2 OF £10 EACH:

Mrs. D. S. LUKINS, 144, Queens Road, Portsmouth. On The Honeymoon Cruise—Belaying-pole Interested Bride.

J. A. TOWNER, 152, Rolt Street, Dentford, S.E. She Loved Him But—Smelt Cloves—And Danger.

A list of all other cash prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

"John Bull" Insurance Gift Registration Forms and the "John Bull" Pen Coupon appear this week on page 35.



GREAT HOLIDAY ISSUE

of the
**NEW ALL-PHOTOGRAVURE
ALL-PICTORIAL WEEKLY**

"Weekly Illustrated"—out to-morrow, Friday, August 3rd—a wonderful holiday number—its brilliant pages packed with amazing pictures in sparkling photogravure.

Here are some of the fascinating features:

UNSOLVED—"The Silk Stocking Murder"—First of a thrilling new series dealing with crimes and mysteries that have baffled the police.

H.R.H. PRINCE OF WALES—Intimate pictures of the Prince on holiday.

MUSSOLINI—Exclusive pictures of Italy's Dictator.

LAKE LAND—Beautiful mountain-creeper pictures of England's Lake District.

BOBBY HOWES—The popular comedian and his family at the seaside—a happy series of holiday pictures.

G.P.O. PENS—Who steals them? See what we have to say about it!

Do not miss this great holiday issue of "Weekly Illustrated." Make certain of your copy by ordering from your news-agent to-day!

**ALL PHOTOGRAVURE
EVERY FRIDAY
2d**

WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED 2d

**OUT
TO-MORROW
FRIDAY
AUG. 3**

The FATAL SCREWDRIVER

AN odd fragment of leather made the heel of one of her shoes look untidy. She did not like it, so with a screwdriver she commenced to take away the offending piece of leather. But she did not realise the hidden danger of this apparently simple domestic task. Without warning the screwdriver slipped and pierced the palm of her hand.

Such is the mishap that befell Mrs. M. Howard, of 26, Burnaby Street, Byker, Newcastle-on-Tyne, a mishap which proved fatal, for in spite of every effort to save her she died of blood poisoning.

"John Bull's" £110 Cheque

To the bereaved husband, who is a registered reader of JOHN BULL, JOHN BULL has despatched a cheque for £110, which includes the 10 per cent. bonus added to every benefit paid to readers of over three months' standing.

Danger often lurks in the most trivial things in domestic duties. It is your duty to yourself and your dependents to be safeguarded.

JOHN BULL's great Free Family Insurance Gift not only provides unrivalled benefits for Home and Garden Accidents, as well as Children's Accidents, but is the only paper to safeguard your home against Fire, Storm and Flood Damage, and to pay benefits for Sickness (as specified). Moreover, it is the only paper to add a handsome 10 per cent. bonus to every benefit paid to readers who have been registered for three months or more.

During last week alone 314 cheques, amounting to £999 12s. 4d., were despatched to readers of JOHN BULL as benefit under JOHN BULL's Great Free Family Insurance Gift. Included in this total are the following:

36 cheques for Home Accident Benefit.
223 cheques for Children's Accident Benefit.
36 cheques for Fire Damage Benefit.

All you have to do to secure JOHN BULL's great Insurance Gift is to fill in the forms below. Do it right away. A little foresight is worth

JOHN BULL Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent)

Address

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature

Address

Date

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 4/8/34

Post this Form to

"John Bull" Registration Department,
125, Long Acre, London, W.2.
I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Signature

Age

Address

Name and Address of Newsagent

Date

Use 4d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 4d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 4/8/34

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any date) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if firm, resident or abroad. Pack 3d. extra. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 21a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE

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Win a Millionaire's Holiday This Week. See Previous Page